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DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO "LIBERAL CHRISTIANS."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY IN THE GODHEAD, AND  
THE MEDIATION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

A. Have you heard any of the discourses which have been lately delivered upon the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. I have not. I know nothing about them beyond what I have gathered from the newspapers; and the reporters, marvellously well as they often do their work, are not always to be relied upon for those nice statements, and careful records of the very words, which are so important in theological discussions.

A. Perhaps not; but they are accurate enough for me. I can't say that I take much interest in anything which must be so precisely worded. I like the practical;—good plain common-sense, every-day preaching about the love of God and of man, about street and office and household moralities and graces;—whatsoever things are true, honorable, lovely, and of good report. I wish that the ministers would preach about these things, and let the dogmas about which they can never agree even amongst themselves go by default. Here we are in a world full of sin and sorrow, and

what wisdom or love can there be in forever disputing about the nature of God, and the deep things of revelation, instead of trying to help one another to keep God's commandments? There is no practical significance in this doctrine of the Trinity one way or the other, and I cannot see, for the life of me, what difference it can make whether you say Yes or No to it.

*B.* I agree with you entirely, my friend, as to your estimate of the practical in religion, and should say with you most heartily, that the faith which does not work is useless; but I think that you go quite beyond the truth when you depreciate religious doctrine. The life which you justly prize is nourished by thought and feeling; you cannot forget that our Saviour said, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom God hath sent;" and, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Certainly it must be of great practical importance to have right thoughts about the Supreme Being; and if doctrines are so utterly unimportant as many seem to imply, how happened it that such an earnest man as St. Paul had so much to offer of that kind, and that even St. John has left in his Gospel and Epistles the material at least for so much profound speculation? Moreover, why is it that doctrinal discussions have had so much interest for persons of deep religious experience and of a very earnest Christian activity? Practical preaching is indeed to be desired, but how many are made good by being told what they know as well as the preacher, that they ought to be good?

*A.* I know that somehow those who talk most about faith seem, many of them at least, to be very ready to work, and if any doctrine can be proved to me plainly from Scripture, whether about Trinity or any other subject, why I must assent of course, for the Scripture cannot be broken; but we know that these plain proofs are not forthcoming, that these nice points have never been settled, and

are no more likely to be settled now than ever they were ; that if a system of doctrine is to be gathered from the Bible, we must have an inspired Church as well as inspired Scriptures, that is, we must give up our individualism and Protestantism, and go back into the Church which our fathers left, and try to reform and be patient with it ; but, even so, I cannot see what these dogmas all signify to you and me, who have our work to do and our burdens to bear, and would live justly and mercifully every day. If I accepted them at all, it would be as an outside matter altogether : I should not know what to do with them.

B. There, I think, my friend, you are quite wrong. I am not a Trinitarian. I do not like either that name or its opposite. Both of them seem to me misleading and non-Christian ; but I can see, at least I think that I can, what the Trinitarian finds in his doctrine which is really significant, and which has led him to lay great stress upon it, even at the hazard of being called a Tritheist or a believer in three Gods, which he often, though unconsciously, is. I am satisfied, moreover, that, if you are numbered with the Unitarians, you will never succeed in gaining recognition as a Christian from the other side, until you have learned and witnessed for, in your way, the spiritual significance of the doctrine of the Trinity. When this has been widely done, we shall find that, however much Christians may differ upon other points, they are not so much at variance as may be thought upon this great subject, that men born within the recognized limits of the Church, and not Calvinistic in their theology, are essentially at one in their doctrine of the Godhead with many who were born Unitarians, and choose on the whole to be so classed.

A. Ah ! I understand now. You are one of those dreamy, mystifying, transcendental theologians, who are forever trying and failing to make themselves understood. The next thing I shall expect to hear from your lips will be an avowal that you *are* a Trinitarian in some sort. Now I am a plain

every-day man. Moonlight is well enough when you can't have the sun, but there are twelve hours in the day when we *can* have the sun; and the night is given, not for dreams, but for sleep, which is better and more wholesome. Now I am a Unitarian of the Unitarians. I believe in One God, and that He is a Father, and that, being a Father, He sent his Son into the world to teach and save us; and all this seems to me plain, usable, simple Unitarianism, such as the Apostles, of whom we read in the book of Acts, preached before any of these creed statements were heard of or thought of, hundreds of years before the bishops met at Nicæa, and Arius and Athanasius contended —

B. Have a care, my friend, lest you be misled by phrases or adjectives! — Call me transcendental if you please, only try to mean by the word, a believer in that which *transcends* our finite understandings, one who is not ready to say, "Where mystery begins, religion ends." Certainly we must understand as well as believe; we are taught to be "men in understanding." Nevertheless, we should hardly expect to understand everything: there must be the deepest mystery about God and about the relation of God to us; we *apprehend* more than we *comprehend*, and a system of divinity which should profess to resolve every difficulty would stand convicted of shallowness, and would be false upon the very face. But you believe in nothing of the sort. Look a little into this very plain doctrine of yours. You tell me that you believe in one God, and that He is a Father. Here all Christians seem to be at one, — *seem* to be, I say, for when we come to look a little deeper down into the matter, we may find that this is not so truly the case as we suppose. You call God a Father. Do you mean, when you apply this word to him, that He is as truly a Father to you as you are to your children?

A. Certainly, it is one of my dearest persuasions. This is the faith upon which my soul most confidently leans; in my hours of weakness I rejoice to know that I am encom-



passed by the arms of an Almighty and Everlasting Father; and, indeed, one of the complaints which I have to bring against Trinitarianism is precisely this, that it separates man from this Helper of his spirit, and teaches him to lean upon Christ, giving us instead of God the Father, God the Son, a being unknown to prophets and evangelists. Show me the Father, and it sufficeth me; Jesus shows me the Father, and leaves me with the Father.

*B.* I am glad to find that your persuasion is so strong. Allow me then to ask you, even at the hazard of putting a question which should answer itself, Does your love for your children include sympathy with them, joy in their joy, sorrow in their sorrow, dissatisfaction or complacency as they do ill or well?

*A.* Truly it is a question which answers itself. Thou hast said. How otherwise could I be a father?

*B.* Very well. Now if God is a Father to you, as you are a father to yours, what you have just affirmed of yourself and of your affection must be true of Him and of his affection?

*A.* The same is true in Him and in me.

*B.* He sympathizes with you then, He is an emotional being?

*A.* He is.

*B.* Should you call a friend truly sympathetic who did not share your sorrows as well as your joys?

*A.* I should not.

*B.* I understand you, then, to allow that God suffers with you? Do you believe in a suffering God, a God whom you can grieve?

*A.* I did not say that, did I? I cannot have said that! The idea is horrible to me, — God a Sufferer! Why, it sounds almost blasphemous! God, the Everlasting One, the Fountain of all being, unlimited, illimitable, self-existent, possessed within himself of all possible perfections, blessed forever, perfect in peace as in power and wisdom, inde-

pendent of time and space, to whom past and future are an Eternal Now, and with whom all worlds, creatures, and all souls are present,—such an one a Sufferer! O no! I cannot have said that! The two ideas are irreconcilable!

*B.* Do you then take back what you have affirmed of the Fatherhood of God? Will you say that all that was spoken in a figure? Will you limit your creed to a faith in this absolute and unapproachable One? Consider before you reply, how much such a limitation involves. In saving the majesty of God, you separate him from yourself utterly. He is no God to *you* any more. Cicero says, in his treatise on the *Nature of the Gods*: "Epicurus plucked religion from the minds of men by the very roots, when he denied to the Immortal Gods the power and the will to render assistance to us." Consider too that consistency would seem to demand that you should refuse to accept creation as of God. He needs nothing, He has perfect joy in himself, His is a perfection to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be taken away. He does not need a universe to be the image of his infinitude. Why then say that the God who dwells within himself, sufficient to himself, goes out from himself, and is the Life of all worlds, a Spirit of order, strength, and beauty, seen in ever-changing forms, revealed in birth and growth, and death and resurrection, manifested within the limitations of time and space, sending forth planets and races, one after the other, in predetermined succession? \*

*A.* I cannot tell what to reply; but I must cling to my

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\* Since writing the above, we have come to the following passage in the course of a most satisfying perusal of a fourth volume by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, entitled "Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians":—

"The death of Christ was a representation of the Life of God. To me this is the profoundest of all truths, that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is Love: love is sacrifice,—to give rather than to receive,—the blessedness of self-giving. If the life of God were not such, it would be a falsehood to say that God is Love; for, even in our human nature, that which seeks to enjoy all instead of giving all, is known by a very different name from that of

faith in the Father, come what may ; and, moreover, I must honestly confess that the "simplicity" of which I boasted is not so apparent, and that I ought rather to cry out, "Who by searching can find out God?" I see that there is a mystery about the Divine Nature, and that this mystery becomes more and not less profound the more we meditate upon the Father and upon our relations to Him. But what after all has this to do with the doctrine of the Trinity?

*B.* Let me try to tell you. It seems to me that this doctrine is an attempt to state in a dogmatic way what we would believe about God, and that there is a true meaning in it for the sake of which the Church holds it fast, and will continue to do so, until in some way it has been universally recognized. I believe in One Supreme Divine Personality, One God, the Father Everlasting; but I can conceive of this Personality only under three modes of being, a Triunity which is very distinct from a Tripersonality. I object, as I understand many who call themselves Trinitarians to object, to the phrase "three *persons* in one God," but I do find three *modes of being*. I find,—1. The Absolute One, to whom nothing can be added, from whom nothing can be taken, the Unconditioned and Unconditionable, before whom we may bend in adoration, but to whom no man prays; 2. The Creator and Redeemer, the Friend and Sympathizer, the Rewarder of all who diligently seek him, who is in real living and loving connection with us and our world, and bears with our infirmities and sins; 3. The Spirit which is common to the Two, which is the resultant, so to speak, of the Two, which could not be or go forth if either of the Two were not. And I say, these Three are ONE; it is absolutely essential to my practical purpose that I should

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Love. All the life of God is a flow of this divine, self-giving charity. Creation itself is sacrifice,—the self-impartment of the Divine Being. Redemption, too, is sacrifice, else it could not be love; for which reason we will not surrender one iota of the truth that the death of Christ was the sacrifice of God,—the manifestation once in time of that which is the eternal law of His life." Amen!

affirm this *Unity*, — absolutely essential for me to be a Unitarian so far as to deny that the Creator and Redeemer, though He seems to be limited and conditioned, is any other than Supreme God, and that the Spirit of perfect Peace and perfect Sympathy is any other than the Eternal Spirit. God, without ceasing to be God over all forever blessed, is our Father and our Redeemer. I do not believe in one God who is unconditioned, in another God who is conditioned, and in still another God who is the medium between the one and the other. Now I cannot understand these things. Indeed, I cannot understand the Personality of the Infinite at all; and yet when my thought of the Supreme Being is unfolded, and God becomes real and present, I have these three conceptions of the Eternal, each one of which seems to be a part of the completeness of the Supreme.

A. Do I understand you to say, that all this is contained in the doctrine of God our Creator and Father?

B. I believe that it is. Otherwise I cannot see, on the one hand, that God is a real Creator and Father, and not merely so called, by way of figure; and, on the other hand, it would not be clear that the Creator and Father is really God, and not a mere world-spirit, such as the Pantheist tells of. The Unitarian who really believes in the Father, in a God that hears and answers prayer, must virtually, if not in so many words, accept this doctrine; unless he is willing to admit so much, he will be driven to deny to the Supreme all emotional life; and whilst he refuses to talk of *Three Persons* in the Godhead, he must not refuse to contemplate the *One Person* in these three modes; because he cannot understand all about God, he need not decline to recognize what can be understood about Him.

A. Do you think that this is what the Trinitarian really means by the mystery of the Godhead?

B. I do think that this is the essence of their belief upon the matter, the truth which they suppose the Unitarian to

disown, and which many Unitarians do disown, and, if names could be forgotten, and Christians come together, mind to mind and heart to heart, I am satisfied that, dropping the unsatisfactory word Person, they would meet upon some such common ground as this.

A. But let me ask you, how is this doctrine about the Everlasting God connected with the Trinity which the Church has developed from the Scriptures, in the light, as it is claimed, of the Christian consciousness?

B. It supplies a firm and broad ground for the belief that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and that the Holy Spirit is evermore building up all true disciples of Christ, unto Him who is the Head, and the Beginning of the new creation of God; it serves this great purpose, because it offers to our faith a God that is not hidden away in the depths of Absolute Being, but on the contrary goes forth from all eternity in all His fulness to create and redeem, — One who, since He is Love, must impart himself, and must have an object for his Love besides his own Wisdom.

A. Be careful, my friend! Have you not admitted more than you meant to admit? If God creates from all eternity, putting forth all his power and goodness, if He is the Father Everlasting, must there not be an Eternal Son who is the perfect image of his infinitude, of his might and beauty, — one who is second to Him, not in the order of *time*, but only in the order of *apprehension*, and dependent upon Him only as the Son must needs depend upon the Father, without whom he can do nothing? Have you not here a doctrine of Pre-existence and of Eternal Sonship which differs little, if at all, from the dogma of God the Son as taught by the Church?

B. I believe that I am fully aware of the extent of my admissions; but it seems to me that to affirm an Eternal Son of God, forever dependent upon the Father, the "First-born of every creature," is not the same as to speak of "God

the Son," which is a phrase unknown to Evangelists or Apostles. Besides, you must be on your guard when you speak of *Eternities*; you will do well to remember, that by the same process of reasoning you would reach the conclusion that, since the Almighty and All-loving has been putting himself forth from everlasting, there should be no Evil in the universe. In all eternity Good should have conquered Evil, or rather there never should have been any Evil, for there never was a time when God, who is Perfect Goodness, had not been at work from all eternity. The Eternal is ever revealing himself, and yet is never perfectly revealed; He is ever conquering evil, and yet evil is never perfectly conquered; from all eternity He is a Father, and yet He says, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee!" He has ever been showing to the Son all things that Himself doeth, and yet "of the day and the hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven, neither the *Son*, but the *Father* only;" which is manifestly spoken, not merely of the human son of Mary, but of Him who is above the angels in heaven. I have no objection, however, to the phrase Eternal Son, when it is understood in the light of these considerations. Please to observe, however, that the Scriptures do not find the Mediator between God and *man* in the Eternal Son until he is seen in the man Christ Jesus, first suffering and humbled, and then exalted and glorified, and raised from earthly humiliation to the right hand of God: — "*therefore* God also hath highly exalted him." It was necessary that the Sonship should be clothed in Humanity, and that Humanity should be taken up into the Sonship.

A. This reminds me to ask you what you mean when you say that God was in Christ. It is admitted, I believe, by all orthodox Christians, — though Mr. Henry Ward Beecher seems to deny it, — that the Christ was perfect man. Now in this perfect man did there dwell a being who had pre-existed as the Son of God, or shall we say that the Indweller was God himself? Have we, in a word,

three beings in Christ, namely, God, the Son of God, and the Son of Mary, or have we God in man?

*B.* The question, I think, cannot be fully and finally answered, and, fortunately, it is not absolutely necessary that we should be able so to reply. It is sufficient to say, first, that the name by which the Saviour was most accustomed to speak of himself was "Son of Man," and that his reliance and appeal, whether he spoke of the Son of God or of the Son of Man, were these: "The Son can do nothing of himself," and, "I am come in my Father's name." The Word is made flesh. The manifesting God is manifested. The Father is made visible to men in Humanity, to angels and men in glorified Humanity. I think it is very remarkable that the Saviour points us so steadily to the Father, bids us see the Father in the Son, speaks of himself as one whom the Father has sent, who is to image the Father, to fill us with the fulness of the Father, and to make us at one with himself and with the Father.

*A.* Notwithstanding what I said at the outset of our conversation about the simplicity of our faith, I must admit that there is one point which has never been very clear to me, and if you can help me to a better understanding of it, I shall be very grateful. You recall the exalted language in which St. Paul, who would not know Christ after the flesh, speaks of our Saviour as the Lord of angels as well as of men. Can we reasonably apply such words, and ascribe the offices which they indicate, to one whose life dates from a period in time? Was there no Lord of angels before Jesus was born of Mary?

*B.* It seems to me that there must ever be such a Lord, the Head of the Creation of God, a Son who perfectly images the Father. This is eternal truth for all ages and for all worlds, before the foundation of our world as well as since, before man was created as well as since. But observe that this truth is manifested, realized, embodied, for us who live in time and space and in bodies which are born



and die, which grow and decay, only in the life and death and resurrection and exaltation of Him who was miraculously born of Mary eighteen hundred and sixty years ago. The Son of Man could embody this Eternal Sonship for us, because man is made in the Divine Image, and because redeemed and glorified Humanity may be the perfect image of God, and can be perfectly blended with the most transcendent likeness of God which the universe can yield to the utmost searching of men and angels, because these perishing frames contain within them the germs of those celestial forms that shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord, "according to that mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself." It is admitted, I suppose, by all, that our Lord took his Humanity with him into the heavenly world, that it is a Divine Man who is Lord of the Angels, and this perfect union of the Highest with the lowliest constitutes a Divinely human and a humanly Divine Personality, above all angels and men, and which is from the beginning, though for us who live and think and feel under the conditions of time and space, it had a beginning and local habitation. I know that this is obscure. How can I make it otherwise? Is the Trinitarianism very plain which presents to our faith the Second Person in the Trinity dwelling for an indefinite term of years in a human form, and then reabsorbed into the Godhead, the human personality forever lost to us? I only offer these thoughts upon a very high theme for your hours of meditation, reminding you again, that, when we try to rise out of time and space, we are always confounded, and involved in apparent contradictions, as when we say that it is the property of good to conquer evil, and yet affirm that in all eternity evil has not been conquered, but still exists.

A. I confess that I do not quite discern your meaning, but I hope, to borrow an expression from Coleridge, that it is my ignorance of your understanding, and not my understanding of your ignorance. It cannot be easy for us who



were born only yesterday to roam through the eternities, past and future, and find the place in them which is held by One who was at once human and divine. Even the Scriptures which are given to enlighten must be obscure, as well as luminous, upon this point.

But one question more, since I have accepted the position of an inquirer, and you kindly consent to be catechized. Do not the exalted views which you cherish of Christ interfere with your devotion to the Father?

B. They would, if I regarded him even in his exaltation and perpetual mediation as the End of my communing and devout seeking; but this he never is, only the Way, the Truth, the Life, whilst the End is God, even the Father. When I magnify the Mediator it is as a mediator, and whether he is clothed in clay or in a body celestial the Mediator is the *Mediator*; and although the Divine dwells in him, and through him descends into us, in him and in us the Divine returns to its Source, and confesses its Source in adoration, worship, and prayer. Christ is the Head of the Church, but God is the Head of Christ, says Paul. He is raised to the right hand of God, and all who are his are raised with him, and they sit down with him in heavenly places, and his life is their life, and his Father is their Father, and together they see God as the pure in heart see Him. He is called also, you remember, the Chief Corner-Stone, and Christians are said to be the body of Christ, filled with his Spirit, which helps our infirmities, leads us into all truth, and makes us at one with each other, with himself, and with God. God sees us in him. He has redeemed Humanity in the sight of God. In him we pray and love and keep the commandments, forgive and are forgiven, suffer gladly, die peacefully, rise into the life everlasting, which is the earnest of immortality. He is the First-born amongst many brethren, and we are made joint heirs with him, adopted through him into an everlasting Sonship, and sit down at his right hand even as he sits

down at his Father's right hand; for the glory which is given to him he shares with us, according to his own word, "The Glory which Thou gavest me I have given them."

A. There are many other points in this great argument upon which I would gladly exchange thoughts with you, did time permit. I had no conception of the various paths that would be opened for our minds, or of the possibilities of a systematic Christology, or doctrine of Christ, awaiting those who, because they cannot accept the unscriptural dogma of a tripersonal God, are supposed to have no rich and positive views of our Lord and Saviour.

B. I am much your debtor for the patient audience which you have given to many things that must have sounded strange and obscure to you, some of them perhaps irreverent. If upon reflection any of my poor words should offend your religious sense, I crave for them your charitable judgment. We have not yet learned all the truth that is to be gathered from Scripture and from the Christian heart about Christ. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" The Spirit is the Life of the Church, and is still leading the Church into Christian knowledge, and we must try not to mistake the forms of truth for the eternal verities, or accept any creeds, however rich and sacred, as finalities. The Catholic doctrine of an inspired and teaching Church is essentially true; but remember, it is just as true of the Church now as when the great creeds were formed, and the Spirit which speaks to the churches to-day is competent to restate these creeds. A divided Christendom fails to hear the Spirit's voice, and shuts out as dissenters and excommunicate many who honor and love the Lord as they best can. They did not seek, they do not glory in their disfranchisement. It is a grief to them; but it is a grief which they must bear, and listen as they may in their loneliness to the Lord, who will not refuse to come even to them, though they are not found in any of the great companies of believers. They must not be driven into any narrow antagonism, or refuse to accept views which are

Scriptural and true, merely because they seem to differ but little from the doctrinal statements of Christians who repudiate them as heretics. They will try to be as liberal towards the Orthodoxy which brands them unbelievers, as towards the infidelity which reproaches them as superstitious and timid compromisers, halting between two opinions, and unwilling to give up Christ because they cannot accept the received doctrine of God the Son. What we want is a Unitarianism which has a kind side for Orthodoxy as well as for Rationalism,—a Unitarianism that is too wise to cherish obsolete antagonisms and keep alive old strifes when the thought and feeling of the age point towards the One Faith. Because the fathers differed very honestly and earnestly upon vital matters, it does not follow that the children must perpetuate the difference. But come what may, let us not sacrifice peace and love, mutual confidence and respect and good neighborhood; let us carefully abstain from adjectives, and resolve that the world shall not be scandalized by any new exhibitions of the *odium theologicum*.

E.

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"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD."

The incident which suggested the following lines is briefly related in Mrs. Jameson's "Communion of Labor."

CITY, hamlet, and wood,  
 High tower and castle old,  
 In the growing light of the morning stood,  
 Tipped with its rosy gold.  
 The waking earth astir,  
 And the white caps of the sea,  
 The hymn of the earliest worshipper,  
 And the hum of the earliest bee,  
 Were matins that hallowed the breaking dawn,  
 Ere the rush and roar of the day came on.

The beams of the sun, aslant,  
 Crept up on a storied pile ;  
 The crazèd walls were grim and gaunt,  
 As they caught its radiant smile.  
 Storied, — but not with the deeds  
 Of the brave chivalric days ;  
 And the windows were stained, but not with hues  
 Which the touch of the artist lays ;  
 'T was crowded, — but not with the gay or fair ;  
 There were voices, — but not of triumph, there !

There were sounds of human woe, —  
 Wailing and writhing and pain !  
 The gibbering of hopeless idiocy,  
 And the laugh of the maddened brain !  
 The feeble infant's cry,  
 The blasphemous oath and curse ;  
 And wounds and ills and deformity,  
 Waiting for shroud and hearse !  
 O'er birth unwelcome, and death unwept,  
 Had the solemn stars their vigils kept.

There, through the livelong day,  
 There, through the weary night,  
 With noiseless steps, in their robes of gray  
 And their hoods of spotless white, —  
 Unthanked, yet with gentlest care, —  
 Toiled the meek sisterhood,  
 Who went about, like their Master, there,  
 On their mission of doing good.  
 Loathsome the task, o'er disease and crime,  
 But done with a constancy all sublime.

How were their brave souls strung  
 With the might of a purpose high ?  
 How should they labor with heart-strings wrung,  
 Nor falter, nor fail, nor die ?  
 Not enough were woman's faith,  
 With its anchor cast above,

Nor that which is stronger far than death, —  
 The strength of a woman's love.  
 Pause! for 't is morning soft and gray;  
 Listen! the sisters kneel and pray!

*Mater sanctissima!* Hear us, we pray!  
*Ora pro nobis!* Weak and dismayed,  
 Come we to thee, ere the heart-sickening day  
 Conquers our courage! O, grant us thine aid!

*Mater sanctissima!* O, by the night  
 Once in Gethsemane broken by prayer, —  
 By the betrayal, forsaking, and flight,  
 Scourging and agony, thorns and the spear, —

*Ora pro nobis!* Will He not hear, —  
 Jesus, the strengthener, when human hearts fail,  
 By the great love which he bore to us here,  
 Bears to us still, — till we strive and prevail?

*Mater sanctissima!* Even as *He* bore  
 Meekly the cross, and the thorns, and the rod,  
 Following the path he hath trodden before,  
 Labor *we* still for the love of God!

Then up, with their strengthened hearts,  
 They rose from their bended knees,  
 For what they would do for their Lord on earth,  
 They would do for the "least of these."

Take courage, O heart of mine!  
 Which falters along the way,  
 Nor turn aside from that work of thine,  
 Which has saddened thee so to-day!  
 Kneel when the morning dew spangles the sod,  
 And labor still — "for the Love of God."

H. W.

## "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

MATTHEW xxii. 42:— "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?"

It was Jesus himself who put this question, and when the Pharisees answered, "Son of David," he had still another question to ask them: "How then does David call him Lord?" After this, it is said that they could not answer even a word; and more, they were intimidated as well as silenced, and from that day forth there was "not a man who durst ask him any more questions."

Jesus did not say that the Pharisees' answer was wrong; but intimating plainly his sense of its incompleteness, he asked them in effect, and very directly, "Is that *all* you know or believe about the Christ?" "Son of David" makes him a king on the earth, and not Lord in the heavens; enthrones him only at Jerusalem, and not at the right hand of God. Now we know that Jesus did not literally fulfil the Pharisees' expectation: he never sat in David's seat, he never gathered the dispersed Israelites, never restored their capital, nor their temple, nor their worship. So that, as simple matter of history, Jesus could not have been only what these Pharisees believed him to be, but must have been something more and greater. And to the unbelieving Pharisees now who still answer to this same question, "Son of David," Jesus replies in the same old words, "How then does David call him Lord?" There is a tone of mingled sadness and rebuke concealed in this language of Jesus. Plainly that answer did not satisfy him, and as plainly to my own mind, it never *has* satisfied and never *can* satisfy the truly awakened and seeking soul. The Christ is more than a temporal, earthly king, and the Gospel declares that, while he is Son of Man, he is also Son of God. Here he seeks to vindicate his divineness and spiritual lineage. There are other instances given where he vindicates the lower side of his nature, when

he seems to fear that the Divine will overshadow the human, and so tend to remove him beyond the sphere of our sympathies and needs. Therefore, he does not rest after asserting his union with the Father, but connects himself with publicans and sinners. In word and deed, by example and life, he proves himself both brother of the lowest and Son of the Highest. By his temptations he proves his humanity. By his sinlessness he proves his divinity. He weeps because he feels our love and tastes our sorrow. He is upborne and calm, because he has a divine consciousness that the Father is with him. He brings these states of being together, and shows that they are only states, conditions, parts, not distinct or separate existences. His nature is not divided, though sharing humanity with us and divinity with God. He can be both Son of Man and Son of God, and still keep unimpaired all the integrity of his being. Throughout the New Testament these two elements are affirmed and re-affirmed, and one is made as prominent and positive as the other. That book, as I read it, is a continued protest, from beginning to end, against the exclusive assumption of his manhood or his Godhead, against all denial of one or the other part of his nature;—it does not allow you to call him entirely and only human, or supremely and only Divine. Everywhere it blends the two, reconciles them, teaches their spiritual identity, and asks with Paul as if it were morally impossible, "Is Christ divided?" In the face of dogmas to the contrary, in face of sects that differ, one affirming the Divinity, another the humanity, *we* affirm, as believers in the Gospel, that he is not divided, that he is one in soul and life, though the range of his being is through all the spheres of earth and heaven. That Gospel teaches, if it teaches anything, that Jesus dwells here with us in our lowly habitations, while he also sits at the right hand of the Majesty above.

This is just that view of Christ which the Pharisees reject, and which the Apostles affirm. And here Scriptural

language is clearest and best. In our minute explanations we get bewildered and lost. It is the plain and obvious meaning that is most satisfactory. I accept Jesus's own words, when he asserts his spiritual Lordship. David in his prophetic speech called him Lord, and we are to call him so. Without knowing all the fulness of the language or the limits implied by it on one side or the other, we *do* know that it magnifies the Saviour, it exalts him beyond all mere human and Pharisaic meanings, gives him complete supremacy among men and among angels, putting him "above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Jesus represents spiritual power on earth and in heaven. He represents *here* a divine condescension, and *there* he represents a divine intercession. Here he loves us, and there he pleads for us. "One is our Master, even Christ." "He is the end of the law for righteousness." Let us gladly admit his supremacy and Lordship over us. If we demand a perfect manhood, we have it in Him "who was tempted in all points as we are, and yet was without sin." If we demand the higher knowledge of heaven and the resurrection, we have *that* also in the same Christ, who is the Lord of life, who died, and rose, and liveth for ever and ever. Christ leads our feeble, faltering steps to-day as we move among the duties and cares, the sorrows and changes, of our mortal state. And it is he who leads our sublimer aspiration and thought when we are lifted out of this world into communion with "the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven." And in the Father's many-mansioned house, it is Christ who prepares the places for us. His Lordship extends over our entire existence, reaches and directs us on the lowest plane of action, — inspires us on the highest plane of worship and affection. He is both Master of our manhood, and Saviour of our souls. He teaches us what *to do*, as well as how *to pray*. There is not a sphere of life where Christ is not present to determine our way. After "putting on the new man," the Apostle says



that all diversities and differences are done away; there is no longer "either Greek or Jew, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all."

Again. This truth of Christ's Lordship has a further application to the conduct and life. No doctrinal exposition can exhaust its meaning or interest. Christ is "way and truth and life," — all these. Do we consider the immense practical gain that the Gospel here announces, revealing, not a complicity of laws or commandments, but a single moral supremacy sufficient unto all the purposes of being, suited to every heart and to the whole world? Jesus is Lord in our doing, in our believing, in our living. The entire New Testament, in all it teaches and promises, gravitates around him. Everything in that book falls to the ground if there be no Christ. Even hope fails if he be not risen. Out of Christ God himself retires back into the great and silent infinitude, beyond the reach of finite conception, and the old, dreary orphanage returns upon the heart, leaving us alone with our cries and prayers, without answers or help or light. But with this "Lord over all," so rich in mercy that "whosoever calleth on his name shall be saved," every need is met and every soul is satisfied. And the language does not mean merely a partial or technical salvation. It is unqualified and unlimited. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ is a faith that saves even to the uttermost. That faith answers to every human want, and will save you in everything and everywhere, make plain your duty at this moment and secure your welfare in eternity. Christ stands for the entire regenerate life. He purifies, refines, and moulds the inmost heart, out of which come all the issues of life. He cleanses the spring, and every stream that flows from it bears healing in its waters. Turn them upon the desert, upon the old wastes of sin, and the dry sands shall become a garden of green. The Christian heart will save the whole man, make his affections clean, his thought high, his action just. *That* will make him a sound man, worthy of trust, seeing the right, joining the strictest life to the largest charity.

But it is only Christ, by his Lordship, by the diviner fulness dwelling in him, who promises so much or justifies so much. He, and no other, claims *all* your faith. He alone works so mightily, so completely, on the soul. He alone can create you a new man in the likeness of God. This explains why the New Testament is so full of Christ. We are to preach him, believe on him, live and die for him. It is in him that we behold the Father, see the heavens opened, feel that we are pardoned, renewed, and justified. Put your faith anywhere else, in the best man that ever lived, base it on the steady, immutable laws of nature, and what living help or joy or peace do you gain? What satisfaction or repose of heart do you have from knowing that to-morrow shall be as to-day? You may know that the harvest shall come in its time, because the seasons cannot fail; but that only assures you of bread to eat, "daily bread," while your soul is hungering for the bread of life,—that "bread which cometh down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never die." Nature answers for the body and its needs, but only God answers for the soul. Gravitation is a good law, and it works to beneficent results; but what comfort does it bring to sorrow, what word has it to speak over the grave? Flowers will bloom above our dust, and the green earth will smile when our lips are cold, but they never break the silence into which the dead sink, and for aught they can tell us, we do not know that that silence is ever broken. Their voices are uttered on the lower plane of being, while the voice of the risen Christ alone reaches or consoles the heart. The sun rises daily in the glorious eastern sky, and if you were kindred to the sun there might be a prophecy in it of your own resurrection. But the doors of the tomb do not open when the beautiful light unbars the gates of the morning. Alike through the dawn and the darkness our dead slumber on as ever, and all our hope that they are risen, and that we shall rise with them, centres in the living Christ, who "*is* the resurrection and the life." Laws are powerless, nature is dumb,

before the mysteries of life and death. The soul demands something higher than these, something kindred to itself, that can answer its prayers, respond to its love, and fulfil its hope. So we mount upward above nature and law into the sphere of spiritual life, the Divine Lord's own realm, and there alone do we meet a Saviour and find the Christ, in whom our hearts can rest, who is worthy of all our faith, and ready to answer all our needs.

Faith in Christ thus comes to have a character of its own, distinct, exhaustive, entire. Sometimes and most irreverently men write the name of Jesus with other and lesser names, and put his cross on a level with other and lesser symbols of suffering; — but whose heart, in its silent, spontaneous devotion, does not utter a solemn protest, and put the cross and the Crucified back on their own heavenly heights, far above all human martyrdoms, and wide apart from all the names of men? The reverent, believing soul always distinguishes Jesus from Socrates and Plato and Seneca, denies all equality of spiritual rank between them and him, takes *them* into its own mortal fellowship, and exalts *him* as the only sure hope of our immortality. Think what Christian faith is, and what it implies. Faith in nature makes you believe in to-morrow's sunrise, in the return of seed-time and harvest, in the revival of spring with the grass and flowers, in the order of night and day, of heat and cold, of growth and decay, and that is all. It has no promise for your heart, no word or sign about your destiny hereafter. Faith in man is a little higher, and carries you a little farther. It makes you believe in progress, in the victory of mind over matter, in the power of the human will to control circumstances and shape the conditions of outward life to moral uses and ends. But man, the noblest of the race, passes away. You can trace his steps down to the grave, and there they vanish like footprints on the sea. The divinest works of human genius are bounded by the present world. They were all wrought *here* while the pulse beat

and the heart was warm. But when these were still, no word came back to break the silence and reveal the future. It is faith in Christ, and that alone, which takes us beyond this earthly sphere, and speaks from the mysterious heavens in tones as articulate and clear as ever fall from mortal lips. The Lord's great promises all concerned his resurrection and return as the Comforter. For the first time in the world the heart feels and knows that death is not final, that its silence and mystery bear angel voices and ministries to the believer's soul. So Christ went away only that he might come again. So speedily did the Pentecost follow the crucifixion. And here where prophecy and fulfilment meet, the heart finds repose and rest. The disciple passes through these eras of the spiritual life, verifies them in his own experience, sees how they lie in his own soul, exact transcripts of the Gospel history, and how entire they are wrought into the Christian consciousness. The crucifixion and Pentecost, losing life and finding it,—what other words so clearly proclaim "the victory of faith"?

But faith in Christ is not only a central force and motive in the heart,—it must also work out into the life. And here the field is the world. To believe in the Lord is to accept all duty, to become personally responsible for every cause of righteousness, to seek the relief of all suffering and woe and want. Your Master, he in whom you have all faith, passed no sorrow by, but went with the healing of his perfect love to every troubled heart. Go ye and do likewise. Joined to him, you must do his work and bear his cross. You must be inwardly determined on his service, and be able to verify in your own higher experience the heroic words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." So life expands under the impulse of Christian faith, giving us the highest ideal of practical manhood. The genuine believer becomes the greatest man that lives; his being extends the farthest, and comprehends the most; it absorbs most out of this world, and has the strongest hold on the world to come.

Finally, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?" Once it was answered, "Son of David." And from time to time we hear repeated the same imperfect answer. But the words of Jesus also remain in which he forever vindicates his divine lineage as the Son of God. Accept only the words of the Pharisees, and you have no "advocate with the Father." Accept the words of Jesus, and you have a perfect humanity comprehended in "the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." There is a deep, practical earnestness in the question, Will you repose your faith in man, or in Immanuel? It is only when Christ rises into Lordship over the mind and heart, over this world and the next, that faith can rise into a divine power, embracing and consecrating our entire being, and making us heirs of immortality. And it is only when Christ, the Son of God, is formed within, that we pass from death unto life. Then, by faith in him, we also become sons and joint heirs of the same eternal inheritance. For the sake of your human affections and hopes let the Saviour represent the Divine mercy, and so draw you to the Father. Come therefore to Christ, put all your faith in him, that, "whether living or dying, you may be the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

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STORE thy mind well with the best thoughts of others. Make them thy companions in the house, and by the way. Con them over in thy memory, while thou pliest the busy needle, or when thou performest thy heavier tasks. They will lighten the labor of thy hands in thy active days; and, should wearisome days and nights of sickness be appointed thee, thou wilt have with thee unwritten books of precious lore, which will beguile many a heavy hour. Whether it be the choice lines of gifted men, or the diviner Word of the Holy One, they will be as ministering angels around thy uneasy couch, and aid thee to bear cheerfully whatever God may send.

## SONG OF THE HAMLET.

CALL us not poor, though naught have we  
Of gold or silver ore ;  
Nor enter we the lordly hall,  
Nor ring at rich man's door.

Call us not poor, though costly robe  
Ne'er from our shoulders hung ;  
Nor for our feet, in mazy dance,  
His harp hath minstrel strung.

Call us not poor, though pomp and power  
To us are words unknown ;  
And never for our humble name  
Will fame's loud trump be blown.

But call us poor, and mean, and low,  
If, in the early morn,  
We walk not with the beautiful,  
While earth seems newly born ; —

If we can press the dewy grass,  
So richly strewn with flowers,  
Without a pulse thrilled through with joy  
For this sweet world of ours.

O, call us poor, if we can close  
Our hearts to all the charms  
That Nature pours so lavishly  
Into our open arms !

Ay ! winter's lovely pencilling  
Upon our window traced  
Gives truer pleasure to the heart,  
Than if with damask graced.

The stars our sweet companions are,  
Before the break of day ;  
And soft, bright tints at gentle eve  
O'er canopy our way.

How radiant o'er hill and glade  
Falls the pure, mantling snow !  
A gift of glory, from above,  
To kindred hearts below.

We're passing rich, when we may look  
Upon the fair, young brow,  
And read the voiceless eloquence  
That fills that spirit now.

We're rich in mines of untold wealth,  
If sweet affections twine  
In holy truth around the heart,  
Like some full clustering vine.

We're rich, if life hath found an aim,  
Free, simple, unconfined :  
Enough to do, — some soul to bless, —  
Some broken reed to bind.

Call us not poor, — the beautiful  
To us is richly given ;  
Bright things of earth, dear memories,  
Calm hopes of peace and heaven.

Call us not poor, but call us rich ;  
Man living as man should  
Shall ever see the *Beautiful*,  
Shall ever find the *Good*.

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## "THE SUSPENSE AND RESTORATION OF FAITH."\*

It was a saying of the scholastics of the Middle Ages, that a thing is not well defined until you have told what it is not. And how often we see a bold and explicit negative performing, by reaction, the office of bringing into clearer relief the distinguishing principles of the Christian faith! Mr. Parker's "Experience as a Minister" will have its uses, at least in this respect if in no other. There were strong words needing to be spoken, about things as they exist, which he alone, perhaps, was exactly prepared to phrase and utter. Much that he tells us about God, and Right, and Conscience, and Duty, the religious perceptions assent to, while the heart rises up in response. But when he claims all this moral and spiritual light, now so brightly shining in our advanced Christian communities, illuminating the minds of the intelligent and wise, as the product of the human understanding, we shake our heads in doubt; and when he says further, that the great ideas and impulses of true religion — ideas of God and spiritual life, love to the Maker and the neighbor — are natural or native to man, as he is, without Divine interference, we open our eyes in wonder. Involuntarily, we picture Mr. Parker as he would have been if born and reared in the igloo of the Esquimaux, the kraal of the Kaffre, or the miserable earth-hut of the Fuegian; and we ask ourselves, What, then, would have been the ideas natural to him on these same subjects? And we turn to that early Christian nurture, of which he speaks, in a New England family, and to that constant teaching until his twenty-third year out of that old English Bible, as the sources whence his mind derived all that is valuable in it on these momentous themes.

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\* Theodore Parker's *Experience as a Minister*. — Theodore Parker, and his *Theology*, by James Freeman Clarke. — *The Suspense of Faith*, by Rev. Dr. Bellows. — *The Suspense and Restoration of Faith*, by Rev. John Cotton Smith.



No; Mr. Parker, here, is blinded by the fallacy which mistakes that which is proper or normal to the human constitution for that which is native or inheres within it. Food is normal to the body, but hunger only is the innate susceptibility which declares it. The food is not born there, the body does not evolve it from itself by any of its processes; it comes from without, and must be supplied. And if articles suitable for nourishment were not placed within his reach by Divine provision, man would pine in inanition and starve to death,—let him laud his native capacities as much as he may.

So the mind must get its spiritual food from without. It can hunger for it, but cannot supply its own wants. It can give soil and rooting-place to the seeds of Divine Truth, but the seeds it must have given. Revelation is the only medium through which these can be derived. No true spiritual ideas ever came to man in any other way. The eye can see, light being given; but withhold the light, and total darkness ensues. The light remaining in the world's religions outside of Christendom is only the twilight of a sun gone down, variously refracted and obscured,—the gradually lessening tradition of the primitive Revelation. Man left to himself continually lapses; as the nations depart they decline, until at length, like the destitute tribe of Southern Africa, they have no words left to denote spiritual ideas, and the very name of a Supreme Being perishes from among them.

In the suspense of a living faith, therefore, we must look to what is divinely given for its restoration.

Dr. Bellows, as we think, has well depicted some of the marked religious characteristics of our time; has uncovered the great main current in the general tide of Protestantism, and discriminated accurately enough between tendency and movement. But his title has made it easy for hasty readers to misapprehend him, as well as for some of his reviewers to appear to have answered him, when they

have refuted only something that he did not say. As we read him, he argues, not that there is a suspense of faith in the general truth of the Christian Religion, but mainly as to the particular forms of doctrine and ritual in which it is now embodied by the numerous denominations around us. Men pause rather than commit themselves to the keeping of any one persuasion. This at least is our own view. The Rev. John Cotton Smith has argued well the first point, contrasting the eighteenth century with the nineteenth, showing an increase rather than a decline in the total Christian sentiment for the last hundred years. This we are not only ready to assent to, but willing to maintain. But what is the answer to the present indecision among the masses in regard to existing organizations and the right form for a true Christianity? Men are ready enough to believe, but they want something *to* believe, that they can rationally confide in. Only show them clearly that the statements of doctrine and the form you present are what Christianity actually means, that they are the real teachings of the Divine Word, and that they are rationally confirmed by what we know of the universe, and they will go with you.

But this is just where their faith hangs suspended; they do not believe that what you hold out to them is the absolutely true Christianity.

It is useless to point us to the Anglican Establishment, or its American branch, telling us to take refuge in that; for it satisfies its own inmates and its native born no better than the other denominations around it. Has it not already tried the experiment and failed? Has it not once had the denominations within its keeping, and did they not one after another burst forth from its pale, unfed and unsatisfied? Whence came Puritanism, Methodism, Puseyism, and the rest? There is motion away from the Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as motion towards it. The running is to and fro. The truth is, men feel unsettled where they are,

wherever that is, and the impulse is to try a new place. There is a desire for something more than is realized under any of the old forms.

The "Church," truly venerable, indeed, for much that it possesses and for much that it has done, points us to its roots in the past, its "admirable Liturgy," its three orders in the ministry, and its short, accommodating creed, saying, Come in, be quiet, and think as you please. But in vain. It is a fatal mistake to put mere external aggregation, for real internal unity of sentiment. The day of short creeds is passing away. And in putting in this plea for its acceptance, the defenders of that Church do but expose its inadequacy. Precisely here lies her defect in view of the special demand of the times. If she teaches only the Apostles' Creed, it is too little; men now want to know more. If she teaches the Thirty-nine Articles, men have no faith that those articles are true. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." It is not enough that you tell one with how little raiment he may come into your church, or take a seat in your pew; he wants to know where he can go and get fully clothed. Positive, clear, definite, rational statement on a thousand points of Christian doctrine on which the old creeds say nothing, or speak what cannot be received, is what the spiritual mind of humanity is now longing for. And hence we should prefer to call it, what already it has been aptly termed, "The Hunger of the Churches," rather than "The Suspense of Faith."

The few words of an ancient formula, that may be interpreted almost at will, and made to mean a hundred different things to as many different minds, — however true they may have been to their framers, or however useful they may be for some purposes, — afford no satisfaction to a person whose special inquiry is how he ought to think on innumerable particulars of faith and spiritual truth. It would be a poor recommendation for a school of physical science, that it con-

fined itself to a few fundamental axioms, leaving its students the freedom of forming their own conclusions on the details of the science; when those students are there for the very purpose of being instructed as to what those facts and details are.

It is true that the theological systems of the past have been the embodiments of human opinion, and not simple statements of Revealed Truth; and this is the reason why they now fail to satisfy, and are beginning to pass away. But a system consisting of such statements, and of such statements only, is intrinsically possible. Such a system is now the want of the time, is what the future will have, and with which alone the present unrest will be satisfied.

We believe that the Church of the Future can reach its institution only through reconstruction by a new and vitalized doctrine. We believe that the first Christian Age is consummated, that its several agencies have done their appointed work, and all branches of the apostolic tree borne their respective fruits.

We believe, therefore, in a New Dispensation of Divine Truth, and in a New Church founded on that Truth,—the Church foretold in the seventh of Daniel, and more distinctly shadowed in the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse,—a Church having a Revealed System of Doctrines, breaking forth in light from the Divine Word itself, now opened and explained,—a system in which men are taught how they may truly think on every point on which the Christian mind seeks instruction;—where the key is given to the interpretation of Sacred Scripture, and where every inquiring, truth-loving mind can read for itself the laws of our being, the mysteries of man's spiritual nature, his connection with the spiritual world, the life after death, with the great truths concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, the glorification of his humanity, his work of redemption, and of life, duty, and regeneration, as they have never been opened or given before. Such is now the "Word of the Spirit to the

Churches." The great body of Christian believers may be compared to the children of Israel encamped before Nebo. Thus far they had come, under the leadership of Moses; but now he can conduct them no farther, he cannot show them the Holy Land; but a new leadership must be instituted. So the Christian host of to-day has advanced as far as the Literal Sense of the Word can take it; henceforth the leadership is changed; and the Church is called upon to follow the Doctrine of the Spiritual Sense. This Doctrine alone can conduct its famishing hosts to the place where the tabernacle of God is with men, this alone can show them the way to the Holy City, and lead them into it.

Is it not proof that we live in a New Age, when men of sentiments so inharmonious, and from points of view so opposite, can yet discuss these momentary and exciting topics with every token, not only of Christian patience for each other's views, but of kindly feeling, and without the rupture of private friendships? Every attempt, from whatever quarter made, of honest and earnest minds to discern the signs or answer the questions of the times, is to be treated with deference and candor, with charity and consideration.

W. B. H.

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#### THE LORD'S PRAYER.—PRAYING TO CHRIST.

PRAYER as an active exercise of the mind and heart, and a means of personal communion with the Lord, in distinction from vague reverie or mere contemplation, is an indispensable condition to growth in the Christian graces. The Lord's prayer as a guide to devotion, and as furnishing the "vials full of odors sweet," through which man's heart goes up to God, and the Holy Spirit comes down to man, is better than any uninspired human form; and, apprehended in its spiritual sense, expresses every possible want of the human heart.

But how few there are who do apprehend its full spiritual meaning ; and hence, if these are the only words which we use in our devotions, devotion will be likely to languish and grow cold. We have often heard them used when they seemed to slide over the tongue as the mere routine of custom, neither opening the heart up to God, nor opening the Divine heart down to the worshipper. When once the object of Christian worship has been clearly apprehended, and our deepest needs have come fairly into our consciousness, there is no grief, doubt, or perplexity, — above all, no state of remorse or self-conviction when our evils stand out black in the light, and we abhor ourselves as unclean, but makes us yearn towards God as a personal friend, and pour out ourselves in our own language till we obtain cleansing, pardon, and peace.

There are some who think that all prayers addressed to the Saviour are idolatrous and forbidden by him. There are others who think it is the truest and most life-giving of all worship. Between these two classes there is sometimes evidently a misunderstanding and a false issue. The worship of any created and finite being must be regarded by all Christians alike as idolatrous and untrue ; and the Saviour, seen only in his finite and suffering humanity, should not be the object of Divine adoration. But taking the first chapter of John in its unforced and obvious meaning, Christ within and above the finite human nature is the Word made flesh, the Father brought forth to view, the glorious and complete Theophany, and herein the object of all adoration and love. His glorification is none other than the more entire unfolding and coming forth to view of the Divine Humanity and the waning and passing out of sight of the assumed and finite nature when the purpose was accomplished for which its assumption was made. Those, therefore, who worship Christ, not as the suffering and crucified, but as the glorified, the Divine Theophany, God humanized to mortal conceptions, weaknesses, and wants, have no taint of idolatry, and

those who cannot see him as the revealing Divinity should not pray to him.

But happy those who *can* see Him thus, for God is brought how marvellously near! — a Divine Person, and not an abstraction; a person undivided, and therefore causing no painful doubts and distractions in prayer. The Holy Spirit is not now a person who "passes over" from place to place, but the surgings of the Divine Energy into the believing heart, from Him who said, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Those promises, which were nearly meaningless before, or which we missed of by our ingenious criticisms, now fulfil themselves in us with a significance that makes us look up in wonder and in tears. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, NEITHER KNOWETH ANY MAN THE FATHER SAVE THE SON, AND HE TO WHOMSOEVER THE SON WILL REVEAL HIM. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

S.

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"THEY feared as they entered into the cloud." So was it with the chosen three of old, when the folds of that mysterious curtain closed around them. Yet when that celestial barrier had interposed itself between them and the outward world, they found themselves admitted to a view of their glorified Lord and Master, and to a conscious union with "the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

What a type is this of the experience of humanity! How many hearts have quailed at the approach of the hour of trial, mysterious in its unknown depths! Yet when the encircling folds have set it apart from the world of common life, how many a sorrowing but trusting spirit has echoed the words, "Lord, it is good for me to be here!" Under the cloud of adversity many a soul has met its glorified Master, and found itself very near to the spirit-world. Often through the portal of sorrow lies the way into the "secret pavilion of the Most High."

## SONG OF THE MIDNIGHT.

'T is midnight on the waters, midnight upon the hills,  
Midnight in silent valleys, and o'er the dancing rills;  
Midnight, mysterious midnight, with its low, quiet sleep,  
Lying upon the woodlands, within their cloisters deep.

Midnight, — O awful midnight! — can things unholy dwell  
Beneath thy wing's stern shelter, — within thy magic spell, —  
When that Pure Eye looks downward, piercing with spirit power,  
Into the depths of being, and scans each secret hour?

God of the voiceless midnight, let each true heart draw near,  
And, nestling close beside thee, think not of doubt nor fear;  
And as the night's dark curtain is drawn around his bed,  
May gentle slumbers bless him, and peace anoint his head.

Or if he holds a vigil at this calm, sacred hour,  
And early memories gather, and hold him in their power,  
Or if, entranced and silent, he looks the future through,  
Weighing its hopes, its burdens, its duties yet to do, —

Still, strong in faith and blameless, the good must reverence thee,  
Midnight, with all the darkness that crowns thy majesty;  
A talisman thou holdest, that tries the human heart, —  
Innocence alone can know and love thee as thou art.

So welcome, gentle midnight, and to the depths unseen  
Open our misty eyelids, while humble and serene.  
We tread, as Christ on Olivet, who, on the midnight air,  
Sent up, amid its shadows, his soul in earnest prayer.

So shall each hour be hallowed, and life become a shrine,  
For lowly hearts to offer all that is most divine;  
And as thy sable garments spread lovingly around,  
Order and peace shall blossom, and earth be holy ground.



## JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE EMANCIPATED.

"12 mo. 9th. Our little schooner did not land us until about nine o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful night; the full moon was shining brightly, and the stars appeared in their greatest beauty. I conversed with our seamen about the size of the moon and planets, and distances of the stars, and found they supposed them about a mile and a half off."

"10th. During an excursion this morning, we examined the Bombox Seva, or silk-cotton tree, which grows about two miles from the town. This tree, which bears a light foliage, and pods full of silky cotton, which is sometimes used for making hats, loses its leaves once a year. Its trunk is about fifty feet in circumference, of a singular contorted shape, with very high and thin projections; its vast branches spreading to a great distance at right angles with the trunk, and shooting out others nearly at right angles with themselves, very curious. On many of the branches various kinds of parasites are growing luxuriantly, and a number of aloes are also to be seen growing upon it, as though they had been arranged on the shelves of a green-house. This tree is of African descent, and is supposed to be near two hundred years old."

"The town of St. Thomas is very handsomely situated upon three hills, which run parallel to each other, from the harbor to the mountains. It is a great place of business; the commerce of all nations appears to be fully carried on there; often, more than two hundred vessels are there at one time. . . . But little time is occupied with those religious services which are calculated to redeem from the world. . . . The despotic government does not sanction religious liberty, but prescribes the form of worship. The tendency of such laws, which prevent the free exercise of conscience, is almost invariably to lessen love for the worship of the Almighty; and men do homage one to another, by a pretended rever-

ence for dogmas of human invention, which they erroneously call Divine worship."

As this island was under the control of the Governor-General, residing at Santa Cruz, no religious meeting was allowed, although the local Governor had no objection to it, and expressed an interest; therefore they left St. Thomas for Tortola.

"12mo. 12th. Being furnished by our kind friend, E. S. of St. Thomas, with a basket of provisions and a demijohn of good water, we set sail quite cheerfully, in an open boat, thinking we should have a short passage to Tortola. We were highly gratified by the scenery, as we passed St. James, St. Johns, José, Vandyke, and a large number of smaller islands, or keys, which rise abruptly from the sea, covered with verdure, and some of the high hills cultivated to their summits. As we passed St. Johns we saw the clouds resting upon the sides of the mountains, presenting a very novel and interesting appearance. Night came on as we approached the lee of Tortola, and our progress was greatly retarded, the trade-winds and tide being both against us. The night was clear and beautiful; Venus shone with a brightness that excelled anything I had ever seen of her, being sufficient to give a distinct shadow to illuminate our watery path. Orion and his attendant train trod quickly upon the last steps of the planet; and to complete the beauty, the moon rose at nine o'clock, to disclose to us the scenery of the surrounding hills. The whole firmament was aglow, and a field of contemplation was opened on this extended and luminous page of the book of nature; I resigned myself to meditation on the wisdom of the Great Architect of the Universe. . . . .

"In taking a little view of the town to-day, we have seen many sad effects of violent tornadoes. In 1819 and 1827 many of the houses were demolished, the ruins of which are still left, to show that there were once comfortable and commodious habitations. The destruction by these hurricanes

is often so complete, that the owners of property destroyed by them are unable to rebuild, and restore from the desolation they have made. We delivered letters furnished us in St. Thomas, to some of the principal inhabitants, and were kindly welcomed by William R. Isaacs and James B. Rogers, who immediately manifested a willingness to afford us any assistance in their power; and we soon had it arranged to hold some religious meetings to-morrow, in the Methodist meeting-house, which was kindly offered us by the minister, whose name is Thomas Bates. He also offered us assistance in getting the people together from the town, and the plantations. We were also waited upon by a colored man from Kingston, a small place in sight of this, who informed us that the people there would be glad to hear us 'talk religion;' and said, if we would have a meeting, he would go home and tell everybody about it. We told him he might notify the people (for we had previously concluded to go there).

"13th. The morning had been very wet; but we found a large number collected in the Methodist meeting-house. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing a congregation of people, many of whom had lately been released from bondage; the meeting was composed of colored persons chiefly, of all grades and complexions, mingled with whom was to be seen, here and there, the fair European skin. One thing, which we did not before notice in these islands, was very apparent,—the very neat appearance of the people; their dress would have been considered an evidence of refinement, even in our American cities. The minister had some services to perform, agreeably to an appointment of his own, before ten o'clock, and we arrived before he got through, and had an opportunity of seeing the people in their usual morning devotions, in which they manifested much sincerity; and, although different from the form of worship to which we have been accustomed, yet I doubt not many of them will be justified, and their offerings ac-

cepted, by Him who sees not as man sees, but who looketh at the heart. My mind was very soon forcibly impressed with the confession of Peter, when at the house of Cornelius: 'I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, they that fear him, and work righteousness, shall be accepted of him.' And I was led to open to them, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, the wonderful dealings of God, at sundry times, and in divers manners, with the children of men. . . . .

"It being a pleasant day, we undertook to go to Kingston on foot, by a winding pathway along the shore, through the thickets, about five miles, instead of crossing an inlet in a boat, three miles. We found a large number of people collected, all of them colored; and as there was but one meeting-house in the place, and that belonging to the Church of England, which could not be granted to us, we held an old-fashioned Quaker meeting under the dense foliage of a tamarind-tree. . . . . After we had sat with these people awhile in silence, my mind was opened in great love for them, and we were enabled to set before them the duties they owe to one another and to God, and many things connected with their salvation; which they appeared fully to comprehend, and manifested a degree of attention and feeling that I have seldom if ever witnessed; and I believe they fully appreciate our labor of love, for their souls seem to be visited with Divine favor, and they will remember the season till the latest period of their lives. We assured them that we did not come coveting their silver and gold, but that the love God shed abroad in our hearts had prompted us to visit them; that we felt them all as our brethren and sisters, and wanted to encourage them to love God and one another. It may be said of these people, whom many would be willing to pass by, as the priest and Levite did the poor man that had fallen among thieves, what the blessed Jesus said on one occasion, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.' And when I saw, from the youth to the hoary-headed, the

full tear freely flowing over their sable faces, I thought it worth a voyage across the Atlantic to hold such a meeting; and although many high professors had treated our mission with contempt, yet here I was encouraged to believe that now, as formerly, the Divine Master sends his servants into the highways, and by the hedges, to invite to the marriage supper. It was with great difficulty we could leave them; they seemed unwilling we should close the opportunity, but we had our evening appointment at Roadston.

"Kingston is altogether an African settlement. It consists of about a hundred buildings, and five or six hundred inhabitants. Its history is this: the English, some years ago, captured a number of slave-ships, and it became a question whether they should colonize the people or send them back to their native country. They determined on the former project, and this location was selected for the purpose. They had several hundred acres of land granted them by William IV., which they cultivate in patches for provisions, raising cattle, &c. Sometimes, as one of them observed, they have plenty; but very often the drought is so great that they can gather scarcely anything from their gardens. Their condition had been represented to us in the worst light; we were told they were idle, poor, and lived by stealing. But these reports are evidently the work of an enemy, for we had evidence to the contrary; and even with the little they possess, they are content. They were very neatly dressed, and well-behaved; very many of the native Africans can speak English, and can read; and we noticed very intelligent countenances, indicating minds susceptible of the refinements of civilization and Christianity.

"The evening meeting at the Methodist chapel in Roadstead was attended by a large number of the white inhabitants, and a very respectable and well-dressed company of the colored people. This, too, was a season of Divine favor, in which, I trust, many minds were reached.

"14th. Being furnished with horses, and accompanied

by our kind friend, W. R. Isaacs, we set off to visit his estate, to which he had invited us, to have a religious opportunity with his laborers, amounting to about seventy field hands, besides the aged and children. We found men, women, and children busily employed preparing the ground for the cane, and could not but remark how earnestly and cheerfully they appeared to labor; very differently from the slow motions of the slaves of Santa Cruz. There was a reason for this: they were stimulated by a reward for their labor. We then went to the school, kept on the estate, in which we saw fifty-three children, and were gratified at the manner in which they went through their exercises. The next object of interest was our meeting, which was truly satisfactory to us. I think I may say we were all edified together in love. About one hundred and sixty persons were present.

"After the meeting was over, we concluded to pay the President of the island a visit, and attempted to cross the mountains of Tortola. We ascended about a thousand feet, over a path by great precipices, and absolutely dangerous to travel on, unless upon the back of a Tortola pony. I was assured my little horse understood the mode of ascending and descending these frightful places, and I therefore left the matter to his judgment, while I entertained myself in making observations on the delightful scenery that at different elevations was presented to our view. From the summit of Sage Mount, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, nearly all the Virgin Islands are to be seen, — also Santa Cruz.

"We were politely received by President Hay. We offered him our 'minutes,' and after reading one of them, he said he did not want any certificates; he doubted not our object in visiting the island was a good one, and he would gladly offer us any assistance in his power.

"The conversation we had with him was chiefly in relation to the moral state of the colony since the emancipation

had taken place. He related many evidences of the well-working of the new system, and its advantages to both servant and master over the old one of slavery. He said the amount of crime was not one third as much as formerly, and that the morals of all classes were on the advance; that none who had now tried the system of free labor would be willing to return again to the former practice, and that many who had been the most strenuous opposers of emancipation were now its strongest advocates. The people who had been subjected to slavery did not manifest any disposition to take advantage of their new condition to injure their former masters, but, on the other hand, manifested a willingness to work for even limited wages. I inquired of him what cause or causes had occasioned the decline in the sugar cultivation of the island, as only about half as much was annually exported since emancipation. He gave the following reasons:—1st. The failure of many of the planters, just about the date of emancipation; for the extravagance in which they had lived had obliged them to force their estates to produce the full amount of sugar, working their people to an unreasonable extent, so that, when emancipation came, many of the people refused to labor for such masters, and turned their attention to other things more favorable to themselves, in consequence of which many estates were given up. 2dly. The dry weather for two years, and the hurricane of 1837, which destroyed nearly all the buildings on the island. 3dly. Emigration to Demerara and Trinidad, hundreds having gone thither. These were causes which operated against the production of sugar.

“William R. Isaacs was formerly the President of Tortola, and he was then a decided enemy of emancipation. But he said it had succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations; and now he was so well satisfied that freedom was better for both the laborers and planters, that he lately recommended to the planters of Santa Cruz, at which island

he has a large estate worked by slaves, to petition the King of Denmark to abolish slavery in the Danish islands immediately, even if it has to be done without compensation from the government. This, I thought, was a strong testimony in favor of freedom, and the man who gave it was as well qualified to judge as perhaps any other in the islands. I inquired of an intelligent colored man, how they liked freedom? 'O, very well, massa.' But I again inquired, 'Did not your masters give you plenty to eat, and were they not kind to you?' 'Yes, massa, dey kind enough to us, and dey use to gib us plenty to eat; but den we hab to eat it with a very sorry heart.' Liberty is dear to man; whenever a ray of intelligence sparkles, it kindles a desire to enjoy the free gift of Heaven."

E. P. P.

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THE SUN AND STAR.

THE sun and star both draw their beams  
From the same fount on high,  
That wells, in never-failing streams,  
From the Eternal Eye!

So, to all pure, and faithful souls,  
Each keeping its command,  
Our God the same fair truth unfolds,  
Though far apart they stand.

Meekly the little twinkling star  
Into the dark retires,  
Soon as the sun, from burning car,  
Scatters his wide-felt fires.

The star has light enough to know  
Whence sprung the sun to birth;  
And while its own small lamp burns low,  
Rejoices for the earth.



## THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

## PART IV.

"No burial did these pretty babes  
Of any man receive,  
Till Robin Redbreast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves."

*Old Ballad.*

*The Nest.*

CAROL.

Were they not lovely, Dolcè, as I thought?  
Why lookest thou so sorrowful?

DOLCÈ.

I mourn

The younger of the two is dead! Alone  
The other roams about so sadly, that  
It will not waken!

CAROL.

Ah! poor little ones!

How came they in this wood, without a guide?

DOLCÈ.

How, truly! if they came not from the sky.  
But, then, they have no wings.

CAROL.

Whence did they come?

If now we fly to Nelly's cot, to find  
Some crumbs around her open door, our nest  
Of birdlings will be safe; for we can list  
If anything disturb it. Dolcè, come!

*The Bank whereon the Babes are lying.*

EDGAR.

Asleep! asleep! I cannot waken her!  
But she will waken when mamma doth come,  
I know! I'll go to sleep beside her!

Ah!

Mamma is coming! dear mamma! I see  
Thee now! And thou wilt lead us both to Heaven!

(CAROL and DOLCÈ appear.)

## DIRGE OF THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Behold the lovely lying  
In death a-sleeping, —  
Angels hovering o'er!  
Hear the wood-echo sighing:  
"O sight for weeping!  
Never to waken more!"  
Hie we quickly to the bowers  
Where the pure white blossoms grow!  
Mournfully bring leaves and flowers  
O'er the lovely babes to strew!

*The Terrace of the Forest Castle.*

## THE UNCLE.

Thou calm, pure River! give me, if thou canst,  
Serenity and hope! Return to me,  
Dark Wood, the treasures thou hast reft me of,  
The which I vowed to keep so carefully!  
The Demon of Ambition tempted me,  
Resistlessly, or still they would have been  
My joy and pride. Ah! what avail me now  
These noble turrets, and these princely lands!  
I cannot gaze around, but I am filled  
With tumult of remorse. Serpents my heart  
Are gnawing ceaselessly; and furies wild  
Come thickly round, to mock me. Pity have  
Thou God of Mercy, on my wretched soul!  
Ye holy angels! save me from the fiends  
That thus torment me! Edith, thou alone  
Lookest with gentle sorrow on my fate!  
Shineth with pale, seraphic light on me  
Thy pitying eye! Canst thou forgive, forgive  
The cruel deed? Oh! not in vain, I cry  
To thee, — forgive! forgive!

*The Wood.*

HUBERT.

Wilt thou alight here, Bertha? Near this oak  
We left the orphan babes. O, God be praised!  
My dagger is unstained with the blood  
Of innocence, — O Heaven! — and my soul!

BERTHA.

And art thou sure this path will lead us there,  
Hubert?

HUBERT.

Sure as my life. I marked it well:  
They could not wander far.

BERTHA.

O, Heaven grant  
That we may find them safe! I tremble, lest  
Some famished beast of prey already hath  
Devoured my darling babes, or reptile tongue  
Hath poisoned them. O, let us haste, Hubert!  
To rescue them, if still they wander here!  
My heart doth yearn for their embrace; and yet  
It strangely faileth me! Here, on this mossy seat,  
I'll wait thy coming, Hubert. Horrid doubts,  
Misgivings, have unnerved me; for, alas!  
They may have perished even now, from thirst  
Or hunger. In these wild and tangled woods  
No sustenance for tender frames is found.  
Ah! heedlessly I've kept my lady's charge!  
And yet I dreamed not of this cruel deed  
By one so seeming fair and good! Alas!  
Woe's me if Hubert seek the lost in vain!  
Hark! hark! 't is Hubert's voice. He beckoneth  
My coming. Holy Christ! my fainting heart  
Revive! Uphold my faltering foot, and nerve  
My failing eye! Hubert! O holy Christ!

*(She follows Hubert.)*

HUBERT.

O'erstrewn with leaves and flowers, here they lie,  
Bertha! What meaneth this? They are asleep!  
The flowers are fresh with morning dew, as if  
Just gathered now. Some gentle, unknown eye  
Hath watched their slumbers! Bertha, fear no more  
To know their fate!

BERTHA.

Alas! my babes are dead!  
My babes are dead! O hapless, hapless fate!  
Weep, weep, O eyes that saw the waking morn  
Of this sad day! My beauteous angel-babes!  
The gentle waving of their golden hair  
By the soft, summer wind, no more they know, —  
No more the snowy lids of their sweet eyes  
Will ope to the glad sunlight, as it seeks  
Their prisoned joy so vainly to unlock!  
How lovely was the smile upon their lips,  
As the death-angel came to lead away  
Their infant souls to Heaven! Gently so  
They woke in the dear presence of the one  
They loved with the fond trust of infancy,  
Thus to fulfil her dream of hope! My heart,  
What tender, sweet consoling calmeth thee!  
This holy thought, — their lips' soft smile, — this veil  
Of purest, incense-wafting angel-flowers!  
Before this shrine of innocence, I kneel,  
Most Holy One, to thank thee!

## RANDOM READINGS.

## THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

UNDER the patronage of Charles II. was established the Royal Society. The king sent one day to the learned body for an explanation of the following remarkable phenomenon: "When a live fish is thrown into a basin of water, the basin, water, and fish do not weigh more than the basin and water before the fish is thrown in; whereas, when a dead fish is employed, the weight of the whole is exactly equal to the added weights of the basin, water, and fish."

This was considered a very curious fact, and the learned Royal Society put their heads together to explain it. Several elaborate papers were read upon the subject. Various theories were broached, but still the question did not seem to be settled, as neither hypothesis was entirely satisfactory. It finally occurred to one of the learned members that it might be well to ascertain whether the fact were so. This raised an angry discussion.

"The fact is notorious," argued one of the members.

"To doubt it would be an insult to his Majesty, and would amount to constructive treason," argued others.

The experiment, however, was made, when, lo! it was found that the fish, whether dead or alive, increased the weight of the basin and water by exactly his own weight.

"The Wise Men of Gotham," as the society was popularly called, were filled with surprise and confusion; but a very important principle began to dawn upon them, not yet universally acknowledged and practised either in science or theology,—that, before you attempt to investigate the *cur sit*, you had better look at the *an sit*; in other words, before you try to explain a thing, find out whether it exists. See Sir W. Hamilton's Lecture on Hypotheses. s.

## POET-THEOLOGY.

WE have thought sometimes that a more complete and consistent "System of Divinity" could be made out from the poets than from the theologians, because men in their highest moods of inspiration

have clearer and grander perceptions of truth than when they undertake to argue it out dogmatically. All heresies are of the understanding;—only by the soul do we grasp truth in its catholicity. Henry Vaughan, one of the old English poets, believed doubtless with his understanding in the resurrection of the natural body; but observe how he soars clear of it in the following exquisite stanzas, from “They are all gone,” and how beautifully he images forth the true doctrine of the resurrection in the deserted bird’s-nest and the birdling that left it singing in some fair and far-off grove : —

“ Dear, beauteous death ! the jewel of the just !  
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

“ He that hath found some fledged bird’s-nest may know  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair grove or field he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

“ And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes  
And into glory peep.”

Mrs. Browning is still more explicit, and sets the truth over against its besetting falsity with great emphasis, in these remarkable lines : —

“ There are many even  
Whose names are written in the Christian Church  
To no dishonor, — diet still on mud,  
And splash the altars with it. You might think  
The clay Christ laid upon their eyelids when  
Still blind he called them to the use of sight,  
Remained there to retard its exercise  
With clogging incrustations. Close to heaven,  
They see for mysteries, through the open doors,  
Vague puffs of smoke, from pots of earthen-ware ;  
And fain would enter when their time shall come  
With quite a different body than St. Paul  
Has promised, — husk and chaff, the whole barley-corn,  
Or where ’s the resurrection ? ”

## THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE OPENLY SEEN.

It relieves somewhat the horrors of calamity, such as the one which lately occurred at Lawrence, that the hand of Providence, in some instances, seems to be thrust out visibly to save or to relieve the sufferers. Mr. Stevens relates a touching instance of this same kind in his History of Methodism, and we give it for the special attention of our young readers. We cannot turn to it, but it is substantially thus :—

A little girl who worked in the mines had been converted to Christ, and was in the habit of daily prayer. While in the mines, she had knelt one day during one of the intervals of labor, and was rapt in her devotions, when one of the accidents occurred not unfrequent in those underground operations. A large mass of earth fell, lodging at the right hand of the kneeling and praying girl. Then another fell at her left hand. Then a huge rock fell, laying itself across the two mounds, thus making an arch under which she was preserved unharmed. It seemed as if the inanimate matter were endowed with a sudden intelligence, and by Divine direction preserved the little worshipper in the hollow of the Almighty's hand. So we are preserved all the while, only in these instances the Divine hand breaks through its concealments somewhat, to give us an idea of the unseen powers that encamp around us.

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## HOW PEOPLE CREATE WHAT THEY SEE IN NATURE.

FOUR men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the more lurid type of theology, the second was a mill-owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist. What was your impression of it? was asked the clergyman.

"I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath."

And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian?

"I thought it a shocking waste of water-power."

And what was yours? was asked the poet.

"It seemed as if a million war-horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, and with white-flowing manes."

And what was yours, Mr. Geologist?

"I calculated how fast the rock was wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

Sir William Hamilton, in one of his lectures, quotes an anecdote from some one who describes a parson and a fashionable lady looking by turns through a telescope at the moon, to see if it were inhabited.

"Why," said the lady, "do you observe those two shadows? They bend towards each other, and, I have no doubt, are two happy lovers."

"Nonsense," said the parson; "they are the two steeples of a cathedral!"

S.

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#### DESOLATION OF UNBELIEF.

A FRIEND kindly sends to us "Footfalls on the Borders of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen," which we are reading, charmed by its philosophical spirit, equally removed from credulity and cant. It is fashionable to denounce unbelief, making no allowance for the solid strata of error and absurdity which clear and earnest minds must often upheave and struggle through before they can come to the open sunlight of truth. We have seldom been more deeply touched than in reading the following extract in the foot-notes, which describes the confessions of an unbeliever:—

"I have been rudely driven out of my old beliefs; my early Christian faith has given way to doubt; the little hut on the mountain-side, in which I had thought to dwell with pastoral simplicity, has been shattered by the tempest, and I turned out to the blast without a shelter. I have wandered long and far, but have not found that rest which you tell me is to be obtained. As I examine all other theories, they seem to me pressed by equal difficulties with that I have abandoned. I cannot make myself *contented* as others do with believing nothing; and yet I have nothing to believe. I have wrestled long and hard with my Titan foes, but not successfully. I have turned to every quarter of the universe in vain. I have interrogated my own soul, but it answers not. I have gazed upon Nature, but its many voices speak no articulate language to *me*; and more especially, when I gaze on the bright page of the midnight heavens, those orbs gleam upon me with so cold a light, and amid so portentous a silence, that I am, with Pascal, terrified with the spectacle of the infinite solitude."

S.



## MY WEST WINDOW.

I ALWAYS avoid a room that looks north. If I wanted to let a man down gradually into insanity or hopeless melancholy, I would put him in a room with a northern prospect, with only one window, covered with yellow or dingy paper, and with an old apple-tree to obstruct the view and for crows to alight in. I would set his bedstead with the head toward the south. Do you ask why? Reichenbach says that you must sleep in such posture that the electric currents will sweep your nervous system in the right way. If you let them sweep crossways or against the grain, your case will be like that of a kitten whom the boys stroke against the fur. Now, the magnetic fluids, it seems, set southerly; and Reichenbach says he has known nervous people who would sleep like infants with the head to the north, but would tumble and toss all night with the head south, east, or west. I am not so sure about this, but I am very sure of the other conditions. I am a Parsee so far as this, that I never turn my back upon the sun if I can help it. My room has a glorious outlook south and west, and I should insist upon one east also, only, for reasons too personal to mention, I am not always sure of seeing him in that extreme quarter. Then I put all the sun colors into the paint and paper that I can. To these arrangements I owe very much of my cheerfulness of disposition and my good-will towards all mankind. I would even add, my delightful religious views, for the reader must know that our moods and feelings color our religious opinions. It was said of the elder Buckminster that his theology ebbed into Calvinism, or receded from it, according to the state of his health. I contrive to get all the sunlight into mine possible, being here again of the Parsee faith, that the true God is Light, and *awurqy* — for they wrote the Devil's name inverted, in order to pour contempt upon him — is Darkness.

A correspondent of the London Builder says that, from several years' observation of manufacturing-rooms, he has found that in those with large windows, through which the sun looks in all day, the operatives are more healthy and cheerful; but in those with small windows, though equally ventilated, the operatives droop and pine. He says, moreover, that he finds invariably that workers in white rooms are more healthy than those in yellow or buff-colored rooms;

and once, by having the *yellow ochre* washed off and the walls and ceiling whitewashed, he wrought a corresponding change in the spirits of the occupants.

It is said that an epidemic follows the shady side of a street, in preference to the opposite or sunny side. It is a sort of judgment upon the people who turn their backs upon the sun; for darkness and shadow let in the prince of evil, with all his grisly train of diseases.

I wish I could describe the revelations that come to me through my west window, say between sunset and candle-light. Every evening the heavens have a new aspect, and new combinations of the prismatic glories. You have no idea, reader, of this endless shifting of celestial scenery, if you are so unfortunate as to live in a room that looks northward. And you have no idea of the openings to thought which are vouchsafed, and the liftings up towards the unseen and more glorious realities. Sometimes the clouds lie across the horizon, solid and mountainous, but somehow the sun contrives to get through them his good-night. Sometimes he only gives a faint streak at the bottom, which means, "You will see me again to-morrow." Sometimes he makes a broad opening, and shows Wachusett and Nobscott, and all their brethren of the hills, in clear yellow light, under a black canopy; and the hills seem to have moved towards you in fairy colors, they are so much more distinct than at noonday; and

"Herds range along the mountain-side,  
And glistening antlers are described,  
And gilded flocks appear."

It is very much like the black, overhanging errors of the Church, which serve, nevertheless, to give you, by contrast, the fields of truth in more sharp and refulgent outline. Sometimes he changes the black mass into long horizontal bars, and turns them into golden ingots. But the other evening we had a new phenomenon. The clouds were light and feathery, and the sun seemed to have polarized them and turned them into radii that ran half-way to the zenith, with granular streaks as regular as those in curled maple. Nearly a third of the western sky was run into the moulds of this inimitable carving. Sometimes he clears all the clouds out of his way, and, as he sinks down, seems to swim in a molten sea. Sometimes the colors change so rapidly, that you half believe there is conscious life there,

and that these are the shades and tints of some great agony. Nobody has described this so well as Byron : —

“ Filled with the face of heaven which from afar  
Comes down upon the waters, all its hues  
From the rich sunset to the rising star  
A magical variety diffuse :  
And now they change, a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; *parting day*  
*Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues*  
*With a new color as it gasps away,*  
*The last still loveliest, till 't is gone and all is gray.”*

S.

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#### TRIPERSONALITY.

THERE could not be a greater mistake, than that of those who assume that the popular doctrine of God in three persons has been held essentially the same in all the ages of faith. It is practically rejected or left out by a great many people within the Trinitarian churches, and Neander himself avows that it is not in the New Testament, but was developed by the Church, or rather by the theologians, and that too in opposition to the masses among the laity, whose “Christian consciousness” revolted against it. He traces distinctly three currents of opinion. First, those who denied the proper Divinity of Christ, and admitted only the Godhead of the Father; secondly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, but divided the Divine personality; thirdly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, and held that in him all the Father was revealed in one person. And he represents that these last were the mass of Christians in whose consciousness the Saviour’s presence and love were most warm and intense. Neander says the Church teachers “did not do enough for them;” that they were “mainly actuated by the practical religious interest;” that they were a great number of common Christians, or, quoting Origen, “the multitude of believers.” It seems perfectly clear how the matter stood. As Christ began to fade out from the pious consciousness, they ran into dialectic speculations, either denying the Godhead of Christ altogether, or else making him a God subordinate to the Father.\* We suspect that this will

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\* Christian Dogmas, Vol. I. pp. 150, 151, Bohn’s ed.

be found true in all ages, and that the common people, who keep closest to their Lord, and in whose Christian consciousness his presence is most intense, practically ignore the human "developments," and preserve theology in its greatest fulness of life and purity.

S.

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"FAITHFUL WOUNDS."

A LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend," said the wise man; and we are unwilling that the following pungent but friendly criticism should pass to the old letter-basket, before we have witnessed for its faithfulness, and made it render some service to others besides those for whose especial benefit it was written:—

"DEAR SIR:—

" . . . . If you would permit me to make a suggestion, I would just say, that, if there is any drawback to the usefulness of the Journal, it is in consequence of most of the articles being overloaded with *words*. For such a small publication the articles are not *direct* enough. Take, for example, ———. The introduction, *occupying four pages*, is quite useless. The articles generally are quite lifeless; they have no *quicken*ing influence, and for a magazine to become popular it must have something in it that will come home to the popular heart. The sentences generally (for a magazine) are too long. . . . . I don't think they (the editors) are much accustomed to prepare articles for the press. Hoping you will take what I have said in good part, I remain, truly yours,

" ——— ———."

This letter, be it understood, was addressed to the proprietor of the Monthly, and, we ought to add, has since been qualified a little in a further epistle, called forth by the February number, which "has a little more freshness about it than some of the others."

Now we are bound to say, that there is a great deal of truth in what our friend has ventured to write, and we like his outspoken, and evidently well-meant, criticism. Life is indeed short, and paragraphs are long, and books are many, and pamphlets are numberless, and of making them there seems likely to be no end. Brevity and inspiration are indeed words to be pondered. That is a significant sentence by the "disciple whom Jesus loved,"—"There are also many

other things which Jesus *did*, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." The *words* which are spirit and life, and which have been "bread of life to millions of souls," are few, contained in four very small books, which repeat again and again the same golden sentences. But how are we to realize this ideal of a brief lesson filled to overflowing with life? Will not our good friend send us something of the sort? Does he say that he is not an editor? True; but the office of the editor is not so much to "prepare articles for the press," as to bring the articles of others, the contributors, in good form before the eyes of the readers; but whilst we are abundantly supplied with elaborate pieces, essays, dissertations, and the like, pithy paragraphs and pages do not come. Now if we are long, let others be short, and the less shall prevail over the greater. Sometimes, however, a subject will come up for discussion, which cannot be disposed of in a page or two. The Magazine must not be a mere collection of laconisms. We recall, in this connection, a passage in our college rhetoric, in which the food of the mind was compared to the food of horses, and the necessity for quantity as well as quality was pointed out. It will not answer to supply only oats. There must be hay to distend the stomach, not to speak of the over-excitement produced by stimulating grain. Pithy sayings are quickening to the mind, but there is no reading which so soon palls as the reading of proverbs. One might as well go to dine in a confectioner's shop. However, our friend is doubtless largely in the right, and if we can only find the time, we will try to be shorter. Meanwhile, will not some of our friends who have the gift of brevity, and at the same time a burden to be rolled from their souls, come and help us?

E.

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#### THE FATHER'S GIFT OF THE SON.

VIEW OF DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

WE have given in a note to the first article in this number an extract from the fourth volume of Rev. F. W. Robertson, which suggests, though it does not fully unfold, his idea of the Atonement. What attracts us in the passage is the emphasis which it puts upon the infinite love of God, as manifested in that Christian mystery, with

the virtual rejection of that strange imagination of conflicting divine attributes, which has misled so many Christians. We believe that the thought which Robertson had in his mind, and sought to convey, is very dear to believers, and that, could it only be brought home and made clear to Christians, they would find in it a discharge from the dreary conflict about the doctrine of Atonement. The Unitarian at first relucts from Robertson's statement, but not, if we may trust the Rev. Dr. Pond, as lately quoted in one of our religious journals, any more decidedly than the Trinitarian; but it really does not contain the painful and incredible element in the vicarious atonement which has had power to prejudice many liberal Christians against the Fact and the Mystery as they are exhibited in the dying of the Lord. We have thought that the belief upon this topic of that large-minded and large-hearted Christian, the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, might be of interest and value to our readers. He writes thus:—

“The highest act of love is the sacrifice of self,—the highest act of God's infinite love to man was in the redemption; but from the ineffable mystery which hangs over the Godhead, God could not be said to sacrifice himself, and therefore he sacrificed his only Son, that object which was so near and dear to him, that nothing could be nearer and dearer. And so it is written, not as some would have it, that God died, but that ‘God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,’ and ‘God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’”

E.

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LENT.—GEORGE HERBERT.

WE have some readers, we know, in that dear old Church of England, which we love with a sincere affection, spite of its Calvinistic articles that we cannot subscribe, and spite of its “three persons and one God” that we cannot find in the Book; and our quiet Magazine occasionally falls into the hands even of that more ancient Church, which claims to be the mother of us all, even of the prodigals who are children still, though they may be in a strange land and feeding upon husks. So we suppose that we may have a word to say about Lent, though our Church in the wilderness did not need it, maintained as it was amidst the graves of those who died martyrs to the forms of truth which they prized beyond ease and refinement

and their native land and earthly life. Lent is not a part of our sacred tradition. We have no such custom. Unless we find that there is a real necessity, it can hardly be wise to take it up. Imitation is hazardous. Be yourself! Be true to your own ideas! Stay where Providence has placed you, until you are clearly bidden to withdraw! He will be but an unsuccessful miner who is ever shifting from vein to vein. What we want most, is to take up cheerfully the crosses which come providentially in our way, to be temperate at all times, not merely abstinent upon occasions. But it is something, if not by any means all that one would desire, to have at least forty days in the year during which it shall not be necessary to amuse one's self; and an earnest person, without falling into will-worship or any sort of formality, may thankfully avail himself of a season providentially set apart for more frequent acts of meditation and prayer. Let us offer to any, who may find it in their hearts to keep the old fast, these words of George Herbert, whose sweet poems might persuade many who are beyond the reach of argument to observe the old Church order:—

“Neither ought other men’s abuse of Lent  
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument  
We forfeit all our Creed.

“’Tis true, we cannot reach Christ’s fortieth day;  
Yet to go part of that religious way  
Is better than to rest:  
We cannot reach our Saviour’s purity;  
Yet are we bid, “Be holy e’en as he.”  
In both let’s do our best.

“Who goeth in the way which Christ has gone,  
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one  
That travelleth by-ways.  
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,  
May turn, and take me by the hand, and, more,  
May strengthen my decays.

“Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast  
By starving sin, and taking such repast  
As may our faults control:  
That every man may revel at his door,  
Not in his parlor; banqueting the poor,  
And among those his soul.”

And whilst the volume is in our hands, and penitence is our theme, we must copy the little poem entitled

"MARY MAGDALEN.

"When blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,  
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)  
And wore them for a jewel on her head,  
Showing his steps should be the street  
Wherein she thenceforth evermore  
With pensive humbleness should live and tread:

"She being stained herself, why did she strive  
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?  
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,  
And not his feet? Though we could dive  
In tears like seas, our sins are piled  
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

"Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign  
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash  
E'en God himself: wherefore she was not loath,  
As she had brought wherewith to stain,  
So to bring in wherewith to wash:  
And yet in washing one, she washed both."

What a true utterance of the sense of sin in those words, "Though we could dive in tears like seas"! and how the theologian and the poet join their voices in that sentence, "her sins did dash e'en God himself"! E.

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GOD AND MAMMON: CHRISTIANITY vs. TRADE.

Look on this picture:—

"They considered 'if God would be pleased to discover some place unto them, though in America, where, being free from Antichristian bondage, they might keep their names and nation, and not only be a means to enlarge the dominions of the English state, but the Church of Christ also, if the Lord had a people among the natives whither he would bring them,—hereby they thought they might more glorify God, do more good to their country, better pro-



vide for their posterity, and live to be more refreshed by their labors, than ever they could do in Holland, where they were.' " \*

Then on that : —

" The barks — sailed from this port for Japan on the 24th, to obtain cargoes of fancy goods and other productions of that country, such as have recently sold here at enormous profits. Some skillful designers accompany the —, with the purpose of furnishing Japanese mechanics or artists models, after which to manufacture articles better adapted for the American market ; the object being to get the advantage of Japanese skill in execution for the manufacture of articles of furniture, &c., after plans designed by Americans. High hopes are indulged that such employment of Japanese labor will prove vastly profitable, and result in introducing into common use in this country many useful fixtures of household furniture of exquisite taste and beauty, and at moderate cost.

" *Rev. Mr. Gable and lady wished to go to Japan as missionaries, by one of the vessels above named, but the charter parties refused to take them as passengers, on the plea that their presence in that country as teachers of a new religion might lead to trouble, and hinder commercial operations.*" †

*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and whatsoever else ye need shall be added unto you.* E.

#### WORSHIPPING THE FATHER IN THE SON.

At the hazard of being regarded as a divided household, we must — (and by " we," please understand the " Junior Editor," who believes himself to be entirely at one in spirit, if not in the letter, with his associate in editorial service) — say that the proper worship of Christ does not commend itself to us as in accordance with Scripture, not even with the first sentence of St. John's Gospel, to which reference has been made on another page. If the *Logos* or the Word spoken of by the Evangelist is not *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then to worship the Word is to worship God

\* Winslow, Briefe Narration, 81, as quoted in Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I. p. 147.

† Overland Mail from California, February 18.

as the Word, i. e. to worship God. If, on the other hand, the *Logos* or the Word is *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then we must acknowledge a subordination in some sense of the Word to God, as of a Son to the Father, as of the Image to Him who is imaged, as of One who can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do to Him who can do all things, as of One who knew "not the day nor the hour," to Him who knoweth all things. We may, we must worship the Father in this *Logos* or Word, — "no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" but we do not worship the *Logos* or Word, — our thoughts still mount upward to the Father, in whom are all things, and we in him. And if this is true of the *Logos* or Word not incarnate, it must be as true of the incarnate *Logos* or Word, the Divine Man, Christ Jesus.

"To the Father, by the Son, in the Holy Spirit," seems to us the ancient and true Christian ascription, whilst the law of life is this: "God in Christ, Christ in us, God in us!"

But we did not propose an argument, only another statement, which we would offer in all charity, and not as a dogmatizer or "disputer of this world."

E.

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*A Dictionary of the English Language.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brewer. 1860. — Dr. Worcester's labors as a lexicographer have been well known for thirty years, and have gained steadily in the public confidence. The present is not an enlargement and republication of his former works, but a new Dictionary throughout; and it seems to us almost a miracle of industry for one man to accomplish. It is a large quarto of 1854 pages of triple columns, closely packed, including the preliminary dissertations, the appended Key to the classical pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, it being Walker's Key corrected and much enlarged; a list of modern geographical names; a list of the names of distinguished men of modern times, with the key to their pronunciation; and a collection of words, phrases, and quota-

tions from ancient and modern languages. The preliminary dissertations will be exceedingly valuable to every student of the English tongue. That on the "Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language," presents a clear view of its rise and progress, and the elements that enter into it; and that on English Orthoëpy gives a succinct and perspicuous statement of the principles by which the rules of pronunciation are determined.

The English reader wants a Dictionary for three things,—for definition, for pronunciation, and for clearing up the *haze* which lies more or less on almost every page of modern literature from anomalous phrases or words only half naturalized, yet of frequent recurrence even with popular writers. In the matter of definition, we do not believe that anybody will supersede Richardson. In the department of etymology, he is unsurpassable. He gives the root of the word if it can be found, always digging for it at any rate,—and he seldom leaves you till the root, trunk, branches, stems, and leaves, if it have any, stand out clear to the eye, illustrated by quotations that show the history of the word, and its changes of meaning from the oldest times down to the present. The quotations alone are invaluable, and give to the study of words in Richardson the continuous charm of a novel. But Richardson makes no pretensions as an orthoëpist, and his dictionary is too bulky and expensive to come into general use. Dr. Worcester combines in his work all the excellences of Richardson which he could compress within such limits as would render it available to the mass of English readers. The etymology of the word is always traced when known, its ranges of meaning precisely defined, illustrated often by brief and apt quotations from the choicest English literature. The wood-cuts, a new feature in English lexicography, render important assistance, especially in the definition of terms used in the natural sciences.

In the department of orthoëpy Dr. Worcester leaves us nothing to be desired. For many years the standard of pronunciation in the schools and among the best speakers was Walker. Walker was an English elocutionist, and gave the pronunciation prevalent among the best speakers and the most cultivated classes of the English metropolis. But nearly seventy years have elapsed since his Dictionary was published, during which some changes in pronunciation have taken place. Not only so. Walker's notation was exceedingly faulty and defective. In his Key he failed to discriminate between the two

long sounds of *a*, — for example, *a* in *name* and *a* in *care*, and the consequence was, that many teachers introduced into the schools a set of provincialisms, under the impression that they were reforming bad habits of pronunciation. The fault lay wholly in Walker's Key, for it is known that he did not confound in his own practice the sound of those letters. Since Walker's day several pronouncing dictionaries have been published; but Smart, an English elocutionist, following Walker in part, and reforming him where the best usage has departed from him, is held the most correct expositor of the usage of the present day. Dr. Worcester generally follows Walker as reformed or supplemented by Smart; but where the pronunciation of a word is variant, he gives the authorities on all sides, that the reader may have all the means for guiding his own judgment, and he cites from English orthoëpists, and especially from Walker, any remarks that are deemed of value.

Another and most invaluable excellence of Dr. Worcester's present work is the admission of some thousands of words not yet Anglicized, but yet in such frequent use that any one who reads learned works, or even the current literature, wants to know their meaning. They are words which we might call "proselytes of the gate." Dr. Worcester only admits them as such. He puts them in Italics, as if only admitted to the outer court, and having no business among the faithful. The number of words which are technical, obsolete, provincial, or colloquial is also quite large; but these also are carefully marked and distinguished, so that the genuine natives and rightful occupants may be kept distinct. How extensive the author's researches are in this department may be judged from the fact, that, while the number of pure English words does not exceed 35,000, this Dictionary includes about 104,000. The reader of any English book, old or new, which is worth reading, if he finds himself beset with foreigners or barbarians, will get all the relief from Dr. Worcester which can be consistently rendered.

The list of the names of distinguished men of modern times comprises those of uncertain or difficult pronunciation, and will be found almost indispensable by every public speaker and scholar.

The publishers have executed their part of the work admirably, and it is an honor not less to American typography than American learning. It is not necessary to depreciate the labors of others in the same department in order to do justice to Dr. Worcester's truly mag-

nificent work. It must of necessity come into general use, both as a defining and pronouncing dictionary, as it leaves little to be desired or hoped for. Not only for the study of language, but as an encyclopædia to refresh one's knowledge or render it more distinct and precise under the various departments of science and art, such as zoölogy, mineralogy, architecture, chemistry, botany, mechanics, it might be turned over any hour, the wood-cuts examined, and the extracts from scientific works read without any flagging of interest. s.

*Seven Years.* By JULIA KAVANAGH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A series of tales, thirteen in number. We have read the first and principal one, which gives the title to the volume. It is a charming picture of life in the French metropolis among people struggling against poverty and reverses, — of unselfish and faithful love. The interest is well kept up, and the heart is made better for having made the acquaintance of Baptiste and Fanny. s.

*The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records, stated anew, with special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times. In Eight Lectures, delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit, in the Year 1859, on the Bampton Foundation.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Editor of the History of Herodotus, &c. From the London Edition, with the Notes translated. By Rev. A. N. Arnold. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — We ask for this book the particular attention of any of our readers who have ever been, or are now, students of the Bible. It is especially valuable to all who have been affected by the prevailing scepticism with relation to the Old Testament. Those who are familiar with the Notes to the second volume of the work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, by the late Professor Norton, in which the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is discussed, should not fail to read what is here written. Professor Norton was not so much at home in the history and criticism of the Old Testament, as in the matter of the Christian Evidences; but his authority has led many to give to the more ancient record a much lower place than properly belongs to it, whether amongst sacred or amongst secular Scriptures. Our own study of the Jewish Bible has been productive of an ever-increasing reverence for it, and interest in its wonderful contents. The reader of Rawlinson will be surprised to

find that many sceptical assumptions about the Old Testament, which pass in what are called learned circles almost without challenge, are wholly unfounded. It is strange how ready some persons are to accept almost any secular tradition, however vague, — to give in, for example, to some preposterous scheme of Egyptian or Indian chronology, — whilst they regard everything in the Book of Genesis with utter suspicion. Rawlinson's able and admirable Lectures may help to cure them, if they wish to be cured, of this illiberal and untaught liberalism. It is a timely publication. E.

*Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M. A., the Incumbent. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Our readers are familiar with the name of this wondrous preacher, and if any have thought, as we will confess was our case, that in three volumes of Sermons and one volume of Addresses they must have received his best thoughts, let us make haste to assure them that this fourth collection does really add to a gift so precious before. These Sermons are admirable specimens of Expository Lectures, and are not to be confounded with the needless explanations, the weak paraphrases, the slipshod disquisitions, the commonplace "improvements," that are offered to congregations in so many instances, when they have innocently asked for Bible lessons in the place of more formal discourses. Such lessons are soon found to be unattractive. The persons who asked for them pay the penalty for their rashness by due attendance; the uncommitted multitude do not come. The truth is, that only when the spirit of a passage of Scripture has been heartily and intelligently appropriated, and the great principles from which the writer sets out have been firmly grasped, is it possible so to represent his thought as to gain audience for it from the living age. When the old truths and facts are thus resuscitated, we find that the old condition of mind and heart, of private and public opinion, — the ancient conflicts of representative men and organized sects, — have their counterparts in our day, and the inspiration which was profitable in the first century is found to be just as profitable in the nineteenth. Without proposing anything of the kind, Mr. Robertson really produced in these familiar lectures an admirable commentary upon the portions of Holy Writ which he discussed, — a commentary at once enlightened and reverent in its tone, pervadingly marked by spiritual

discernment, and as free from cant as from coldness. We shall ask with great eagerness for the Lectures by this same prince of preachers upon portions of the Old Testament, for we do not know where to look for his equal in the unfolding of the letter and the re-embodiment of the spirit of Scripture story. E.

*Christ in History.* By ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., Author of "Genius of Scotland," &c., &c. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Dr. Turnbull's work is a very successful illustration of that pregnant sentence of St. Paul, in which, speaking of the Christ, he says, "By him all things consist." History must needs be regarded by the Christian as the realization in time and space, by the various races and ages of man, of that eternal purpose which God purposed in Christ Jesus his Son. Everything which preceded the coming pointed forward to the manifestation of the Life, to the incarnation of the Eternal Word; the hope of man was the promised Heavenly Lord. And now that the Dayspring from on high has visited us, and we live in the light thereof, progress has been achieved and will be achieved only so far as the seed of God has been or shall be scattered in the world, — only where the new Life passes from heart to heart and down the long Christian ages. Dr. Turnbull illustrates this — we will not say theory but — fact from the pages of ancient and modern story, Jewish, Gentile, and Christian, summoning his witnesses from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, showing us Christ before Abraham on the one hand, since Luther on the other hand. So studied, the records of human sorrow and of human achievement need be no longer a *rudis indigestaque moles*, no longer a haphazard collection of isolated occurrences; they are in a true sense the events of a creative and redeeming life, the steps of that Word by which the ages are ordered and humanity steadily but slowly raised to its heavenly seats. Dr. Turnbull has brought to his task a spirit at once earnest and catholic, and a competent scholarship; and what he has here written will be read with interest and profit. E.

*The Eighteen Christian Centuries.* By the REV. JAMES WHITE, Author of a "History of France." With a copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. — Eighteen Christian centuries must needs be very closely packed to be brought within five hundred and



twenty-six pages *duodecimo* ; but Mr. White is a skilful economist of space, and the life has not been pressed out of the ages. In truth, a volume of this kind by one who can group his facts skilfully, and select representative incidents and persons, and sketch with a ready hand, is an unspeakable relief to many who are unwilling to be ignoramuses, and yet have but few hours in a month to give to reading ; and perhaps those who are not so restricted would do well to be familiar, through many reperusals, with such a manual, though, as a general rule, original authorities are to be sought, rather than the productions of those who give us history at second hand. Mr. White is a very pleasant writer, and has made a readable and usable book.

E.

*Restatements of Christian Doctrine, in Twenty-five Sermons.* By HENRY W. BELLOWES, Minister of All Souls' Church, New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1860. — We have been able to read only a portion of these sermons, but we shall not lay the volume aside unfinished. They are the words of a man who thinks aloud, and in whose utterances the abundance of a large and loving heart blends with the outpouring of a vigorous brain. They are representative discourses too, — they tell in a manly and reverent way what numberless persons would tell, but are not able. In some respects they disappoint us, — not more, however, we are inclined to think, than they disappointed the preacher himself. Sometimes the discourse only just fails to be perfectly satisfactory, — rouses, guides, nourishes, but leaves us at last asking and disappointed, because we have not heard the conclusion of the whole matter. Sometimes we find a great spiritual truth unfolded with marvellous spiritual discernment, and we walk in the light thereof, and presently we hear a word which throws us back into the darkness, and we are groping our way again. But continually do we say to ourselves, — Something will come of all this : here are the old verities, here is the dear Gospel truth working like leaven in a noble soul, and whatever is written in living Scriptures, whatever can be realized in human experience, whatever the Spirit that guides the Church, and each true soul in it, shall say to this mind and heart in Christ, shall go forth in good time a veritable *credo* and a spiritual *cultus*, and the Church, by which we mean all those who are vitally joined to Christ, gathered up into the fellowship of the Divine Lord, shall be the gainer thereby. Here is a man



who is not afraid of what looks like Truth because it is called Orthodoxy, or unable to recognize the struggles of honest souls in the questionings of those who are called unbelievers. Far more than this we can truly write of some of the Discourses, especially those entitled "Docility," and "Religion a Refuge from Evil," which are admirable at once for breadth and for positiveness. The latter is at once a grand refutation of the sciolism which presumes to justify the ways of God to man, and a most successful testimony for the true defence against our fear and our grief.

E.

*The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.* By CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK, R. N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.—There is something especially refreshing in a book which was not made by a bookwright. Professional writers have much to learn from those who, with only the education of a gentleman, take up the pen, not because they would make paragraphs, but because there is something which must be told, and can be told only by them. We are secure in such a case against rhetoric and mere verbiage, especially if the writer, having achieved much in act, is under no temptation to try to add achievements in word. This Narrative is a narrative, and not fine writing; and although many of the details are such as the reader of stories of Arctic explorations is perfectly familiar with, the account of the discovery of the remains of the Franklin Expedition gives a peculiar and sad interest to the volume. We should say, Let the Arctic world rest, let us lose no more valuable lives of brave navigators in those barren regions!—were not the utterance checked by the remembrance of the heroisms that have been born of these seemingly unprofitable ventures. Certainly one might as well go and perish bravely, if to no tangible purpose, there, as die of routine and of utter *ennui* amidst comforts.

E.

*A Trip to Cuba.* By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—Mrs. Howe's tale of travel deserves to be rescued from the imprisonment of a bound volume of magazines, and to be sent forth in comely guise, as a manageable fireside book. We followed the steps of her pilgrimage in the day of it with great interest and real entertainment, and not, we trust, without profit, though we

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"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done ;"

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